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The Conductors of THE ROUND TABLE beg leave respectfully to state that they had fully determined on declining after February 1st to make any deductions, on whatsoever score, from their regular rates of subscription. They have, however, received so many very earnest solicitations from Clergymen, Professors, and other eminent persons, to extend the sphere of the paper's usefulness by allowing a commission to those who are at the pains to procure subscribers that they have consented to grant, for the months of February and March only, the following Association Terms, to wit: *Five copies of THE ROUND TABLE will be sent to one address for one year on receipt of Twenty-one Dollars, cash, in advance.* Remit by checks or postal money orders to

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.

### FINANCE MINISTERS.

FROM the beginning a mistake has been made in the relative rank we assign to members of our cabinet. In England, the First Lord of the Treasury is Prime Minister, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs being his subordinate. With us the Secretary of State, that is, our Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is regarded as chief of the cabinet, the head of the Treasury coming second to him. The English are right in this matter, and we wrong. Whether in peace or war, the finances of the country are the important part of government. In peace as well as in war the question how to tax and how much to tax the people comes home to the comfort of every man, woman, and child. In war, especially in modern wars, the relative ability of belligerents to bear drafts upon their wealth decides which of them shall conquer. Modern wars are simple trials of endurance in this respect. Yet it may be doubted whether in war time we do not look upon not only the Secretary of State but the Secretaries of War and of the Navy as of higher consequence than the head of the Treasury. The work of the War and Navy Departments, even in so great a war as we have just passed through, is mere work of details. There may be an immense mass of details, requiring great administrative ability and imposing great labor; but the financial minister has need of a quality rarer than administrative ability—he has need of the power to think. Except when, at some rare crisis, a slip of his pen might possibly hurry a dispute with another nation into open war, the special duties of our Secretary of State are of little importance to the happiness of the people. The usual run of diplomatic correspondence can be managed by any one who happens to have a tolerably good style of writing English; and even so important a discussion as that of the *Alabama* claims can be carried on by any first-class lawyer. If we had not brought down from the beginning the habit of looking upon the Secretary of State as the President's chief adviser, that officer would soon sink into the third or fourth rank among the cabinet ministers. For our Secretary of Foreign Affairs is of much less importance than the same officer in England. That country has powerful nations as next-door neighbors; we have no neighbors of the kind within three thousand miles. England has entangling alliances; we have none. England has always been watching the balance of power in the old world; we so immeasurably outweigh everything else in our part of the world that the balance is sure to be always on the right side. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy and the Secretary of State are great clerks; the financial minister of a first-class nation needs to be, in the largest sense, a statesman. Mere business capacity, such as would make a successful banker, will not answer the purposes of the office; the two greatest in the list of our Secretaries of the Treasury, Hamilton and Walker, were men of little business capacity, in the ordinary mercantile sense.

The President is always capable of directing the course of the other departments; but, with the exception of Jefferson, Jackson, and Van Buren, all our presidents, from Washington down, have been content to leave financial questions to the unchecked control of the Secretary of the Treasury. The movements of armies and ships of war may be ably directed and our diplomacy may be creditably managed without any knowledge of political economy; but the man who undertakes the finances of a great country without having given his thoughts to that science, or who knows no more of it than can be got from simply reading books, will prove to be in smooth times a nobody, and in difficult times a bull in a china shop.

The practical English show that they know the money question in government matters to be the

question of questions not only by making the head of the treasury the chief of the cabinet, but also by making the discussion of the budget the great debate in every session of Parliament. It is for this debate that the statesmen of England, whether of the party in power or of the opposition, reserve their strength; it is in this debate that the great leaders not only direct the battle, but do the heaviest fighting in person. How is it in our Congress? Ask the most marked men in either house, even men who openly aspire to the presidency, and they will confess, unblushingly, that they "know nothing about finance." When, in the first winter of the war, the first internal tax bill was under preparation, and when the still more important question of debasing the currency was proposed, we happened to be in Washington. The story came to us from such a source that we cannot doubt it that the leader of the Senate, in conversation upon the subject, said, "I know nothing about these financial questions; but since the matter has been proposed" (it was then three weeks old) "I have been reading up the subject." To say nothing of his folly in supposing that he could master this subject from books in three or four weeks, it did not occur to him that his confessed ignorance made his coming into public life at all, still more his putting himself forward as a leader, a simple fraud upon the people. Think of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli avowing their ignorance of all financial questions, but that they meant to use their leisure hours for two or three weeks in reading elementary books so as to be ready to meet the budget discussion.

Estimate at their highest value the energy of the War Department, the good management of the Navy, and the adroitness of the Secretary of State during the rebellion; yet all done by these departments together was less effective for good than would have been a wise management of our finances during the same period. If Mr. Chase had been equal to the occasion, if he had estimated aright the ability of the people to bear taxes and their willingness to pay them, if he had known enough of previous history to profit by the blunders of other finance ministers, he would not have been content to follow, as he did, the example of the Confederates in matters of financial policy. The War and Navy Departments had all the force furnished to them which they asked for or could wield; the utmost they could do was to finish the war in four years. The Treasury had simply to manage its own affairs wisely to shorten the war by two years and to have made us always safe, without diplomacy, from any chance of foreign intermeddling. Mr. Pitt at the end of the Napoleon wars confessed to having made one great mistake, to wit, that he had not imposed heavy taxes in the beginning. With this confessed blunder before him, and with the sad consequences thereof to the people of England clearly set forth in English financial history, Mr. Chase suffered himself to repeat the same blunder to a much greater extent. For a year and a half he undertook to carry on the largest war in history purely on credit, providing no adequate revenue for the government. Had he insisted on taxation in the beginning, he would not have suspended payment, for it was the condition of his finances, not the condition of the banks, which brought about the suspension of specie payments. Had we avoided the needless resort to irredeemable paper money, while the Confederates were daily sinking deeper and deeper in their financial slough, our superior ability to sustain war would have been so clearly demonstrated as to dishearten the foe and to warn off intermeddlers. The moral force of such a demonstration of our strength would have done more for our early success than all the physical force we could bring to bear. We should have avoided at least half of our present indebtedness.

We may sometime learn, perhaps through great suffering, what the English have long known, that the finance minister is the most important of public servants. As the question is important to our pockets, we may get to overcome in it our chronic habit so far as to wish the cleverest heads in the highest place. When we have learned this, we shall no longer be content with second-rate men for the duties of the office, but shall require in it, as they do in England, the ablest statesmen of the day.

### THE FUTURE OF WOMEN.

TWENTY years hence, in all human probability, female suffrage will have become, so far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, an accomplished fact. We would say nothing at this time about the desirability of such an innovation, but would regard it as we are in the habit of regarding many things, not necessarily as a thing that should be, but as a thing that necessarily will be. The fifteen hundred English ladies who, last June, presented their petition to the House of Commons through the appropriate hands of John Stuart Mill we cannot help viewing as the advance guard of a force which will go on from year to year increasing in numbers and influence until at last it will be able to exert a pressure sufficient to accomplish its object. In America a similar agitation is certain, and the two movements will strengthen and encourage each other. They will meet much opposition and much ridicule. They will be combatted by all the weapons of conservatism, masculine jealousy, and partisan anger; but unless its fate for exceptional reasons proves very different from those of cognate revolutions which, commencing feebly, progress and swell to triumphant proportions, and are seldom beaten back one step without advancing two, the cause of female suffrage is destined, and probably within the space we assign, to succeed.

If this should be the case, young girls who are now receiving their education—girls, that is, who are now in their teens—will be called upon before the eldest shall have completed their eight lustrums to discharge a function and assume a responsibility the expectancy of which should be very gravely considered in the direction of their present studies and discipline. At the same time we are by no means prepared to say that even if such education be predicated upon the certainty of such a political change, and if after all the change were not made, the preparation for it would not on the whole constitute a salutary modification of the systems of female tuition which are now in vogue. For, even if we suppose that no woman now living shall ever be privileged to cast a vote, is it too much to assume that a greater attention paid to mathematics, logic, political economy, and history, and less time bestowed upon the lighter accomplishments than is now the custom, would produce nobler, better, and stronger women, and so inure to the substantial improvement of society? It is often urged to be sure, that such grave studies tend to make women masculine, but surely there is something sophistical or at least frivolous in the objection. If to make women masculine means to teach them to think, we should say masculine let them be. There are quite enough American men who are feminine to strike a sufficient balance. It is quite time that the old ridiculous prejudice about blue-stockings should become obsolete. We do not find that truly manly and cultivated men, from Mr. Mill downwards, harbor such prejudices or entertain corresponding fears. It is your man-milliner, your ignoramus, your intellectual drone, who is too indolent to conquer knowledge for himself, who dreads the contact of educated women because he dislikes to appear insignificant beside them, and who seeks to interpose the shield of his sex and to dart from behind it little arrows of spiteful and insensate ridicule.

The sphere of woman is truly the domestic circle, but does she adorn it the less and does she make it less attractive when she is able rationally to discuss the most important and interesting problems of life? We opine not, and we discern the germs of good in this agitation for female suffrage, whatever may fairly be advanced against it, in its infallible results of quickening the female intellect and elevating to a nobler level the standards of female responsibility. To say that women will be made less attractive by such a process is in effect to say that women are bewitching in proportion as we can belittle and stultify their understandings. The whole argument is an Oriental, a Turkish one in every essential characteristic, and is utterly unworthy of the era or the civilization in which we live. We all know, however, that the argument, or various ramifications of it, is so far obstinately upheld by very great numbers. Few men, indeed, can tolerate the idea of women knowing as much, still less more, than themselves; but the com-



mon attitude is an ignoble one notwithstanding. In a community so commercial as our own the prejudice is apt to be intensified, and for an obvious reason. Men have less time to devote to the higher and more abstract departments of thought and they resent such devotion on the part of their wives and sisters. They urge that women should keep in their proper place and study what concerns them, when they mean that women should be debarred from the possibility of attaining to any point of superiority over themselves. This may be natural, but it is also selfish and contemptible. If woman is in reality the complement of man, she is so in the best possible sense when she can make up for his accidental or inevitable deficiencies.

But how far is it true that women are less attractive in the ratio of their culture? Women are women still, their relation to the opposite sex is unchanged and unchangeable, let their attainments be what they may. To aver that a woman is less a mistress of the arts of fascination because her mind is so expanded that she better knows how to use them, is preposterous. To descend to the lighter gratifications of society, what man worth the name would not rather flirt with a well-informed girl than with a shallow dunce? Who encounters in real life young ladies whose good education makes them regardless of personal grace, of attention to those details of manner and toilet which go to complete the sum of social attraction? The women who neglect such things, who affect to scorn the legitimate allurements of their sex and its rationally prescribed duties, are the *imperfectly* not completely educated members of it. It is, however, an unfortunate circumstance—although those who have studied the history of reforms well know it to be an invariable one—that certain bizarre and ill-organized individuals, sometimes from conviction, but more frequently from the love of that notoriety which is gained by hanging on the skirts of novelty, excite disgust and misapprehension by caricaturing the effects of impending change and distorting the popular view of its righteousness or necessity. With the discerning such eccentricities count for little, but with the more numerous mass they have an exaggerated meaning which carries a counterweight, not without its uses, perhaps, for impeding innovation. The conception which enlightened reason—sure in the long run to be all powerful—should keep steadily before our minds is that all knowledge for both sexes and all races is in itself desirable, and that its possession in the fullest possible degree is the last thing likely, whatever may happen, to bring political calamity or social unhappiness.

#### PROTECTIVE FOLLIES.

IT is well known that, time and again, high protective tariffs have been enacted in this country with loud promises of great benefit to come to the manufacturers, and that there ensued, in fact, distress and often ruin among the factories. A little reflection will show that, to effect the object which the protectionists have in view, protection must go to the length of prohibition. If it costs ten dollars to make a ton of iron abroad and fifteen dollars to make it here, our domestic manufacturer cannot be protected against the competition of his foreign rival except by a duty sufficient to make importation impossible. For if it costs the foreign iron-master ten dollars to make and deliver his iron here, and we impose a duty of four dollars a ton, the foreigner can still undersell the domestic manufacturer who must have fifteen dollars. The effect of the duty is simply to make the consumer here pay more without protecting the American manufacturer. The foreigner, if it came duty free, would send his iron hither and get ten dollars for it. With a duty of four dollars he can still send it hither, sell it for fourteen dollars, out of which the duty of four dollars is paid by some one here, and ten dollars remains for the foreign shipper as before.

Not only is there no effectual protection except by a duty which prohibits the importation, and thereby kills the revenue, but even this prohibitory duty is rendered ineffectual unless the protective system be applied to only one article at a time. If iron, alone of all foreign manufactures, were subjected to a duty which would prohibit its importation, our iron-masters would then have the market here to themselves. But when they get protection other interests claim

and obtain like protection. High duties are imposed upon other things, upon cottons and woollens and wool and coal, upon screws and nails and saws and planes, upon all the tools and all the materials necessary to house-building; and as those who work in iron must have clothes to wear and fuel to burn and houses to live in, and other comforts of life, the cost of their living is increased by the higher prices of these comforts. As the expenses of living increase the workman's wages must be advanced. In consequence of this general protection to all sorts of things as well as to iron, the iron-master finds that while the foreigner continues to send his iron from abroad and to get, by selling it at fourteen dollars, ten dollars nett, he himself is no longer able to make iron here at fifteen dollars. Then come a renewed cry about the pauper labor of Europe, still higher duties upon iron, and with them, of course, still higher duties upon other things so as to log-roll the bill. The cost of living to the workman is again increased, and the cost of making American iron advances again, so as to let in foreign iron notwithstanding the enhanced duties; and so the process goes on *ad infinitum*. At the close of the American Revolution, the iron-masters were quite content with a protecting duty of less than ten per cent. on the foreign article; this has been from time to time increased until it is now nearer one hundred per cent. than ten; and the clamor for more protection among the iron-masters is louder now than at the beginning.

If the protectionists could agree upon some one favored article upon which alone to confer the benefits of prohibitory duties, their method might work on that limited scale. But so long as they club together to help each other and to protect all sorts of things at once, they are simply cutting each other's throats, while making the people at large pay heavily for witnessing the spectacle.

#### PADDING AND VENEERING.

IN these days of rapid writing the habit of padding light articles by the free use of quotations has become a nuisance which ought to be checked or subjected to certain restrictions. Writers could, perhaps, be limited to the use of the minor poets or to the works of Martin Farquhar Tupper. The former might be grateful if no one else were, and the latter could be suffered more easily in fragments. It is a positive injury to one's mind to have the finest thoughts of the great writers who have enriched our literature, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, hackneyed until the words cease to convey any meaning to our souls, but hang like cobwebs in the memory, in company with "Hostetter's bitters," "S. T.—1860—X," "Make your own soap and save sixty per cent.," "Get the best," "Try Jones's," "Ask for Snooks's," and all those exasperatingly pertinacious bits of advice which get burnt into our brain by frequent journeyings through the great thoroughfares. When Montaigne wrote his essays he certainly used many bricks from other's buildings; but his mind was saturated with the spirit of those favorites with whom he had dwelt so long in his memorable tower, and his thoughts habitually ran in the familiar channels. But the modern writer, who spins out pages of the flimsiest texture, uses quotations purely to save himself the trouble of thinking out an idea or constructing a forcible sentence, and so destroys countless beauties to succeed in boring by incongruous patchwork. For, so used, they must oftentimes be incongruous. No two writers, certainly no two poets, look at anything through precisely the same medium, and we have no right to drag beautiful thoughts out of their own atmosphere and set them side by side with the offspring of a different spirit. To understand an extract with justice to the writer we should read the whole poem; therefore, books of favorite quotations are, or should be, abominations to such as are capable of appreciating the authors in their entirety. Popular phrases govern society, and popular quotations seem to govern weak writers, and to serve them for moulds into which to run their thoughts. Newspaper writers of a certain grade habitually save themselves trouble in this way, and in art criticism it is particularly false and unjust, for each individual painter, singer, or actor has an idiosyncrasy which cannot be understood without thought, nor expressed by conventional slang. The American gift of fluency is too often merely due to the unscrupulous use of words, to an unhesitating habit of pouring forth with unfortunate facility torrents of unsound hypotheses, of second-hand quotations, and of wrongly-used foreign idioms. The same ease of expres-

sion, unaccompanied by thought, characterizes the letters of too many young people, who have a mania for regaling each other with correspondence which wastes their time, vitiates their taste, and puffs them up with the idea that the power of stringing together words implies literary talent. When books were rare, their contents were treated with grave respect, and quotations were used with careful regard to their appositeness; comic writers did not then indulge in that cheap and easy wit of which the point lies in the use of noble words to illustrate ludicrously disproportionate ideas. But the cheapening of books subjects the thought of the finest minds to the desecrating familiarity of the coarsest ones, which, unable to understand any feeling above their own experience, regard the expression of it as stilted and ridiculous.

If anything can be found more expressive of the tendency of the age to cast pearls before swine than the treatment of literature, it is the treatment of art. Cheap photographs bring before the ignorant fragments of the highest ideals that painters have embodied, torn from their proper setting, deprived of their coloring, often blurred in outline, and then a certain acquaintanceship is thus produced which is confounded with knowledge. Such familiarity in common minds soon breeds contempt. They begin to criticise what they cannot appreciate, and the possibility of elevating their taste is hazarded by the degradation of its standards. People in general cannot appreciate art—they may sometimes appreciate nature—without education. Nature reveals her highest beauty only to those who study her diligently, and how much less easy is it to comprehend art; fruit of the labor of a gifted few, who have lifted themselves above the multitude and lived in an atmosphere which transcends alike their habits and their aims. Moreover, it is impossible to see the beauty of a picture in a small black photograph as to feel the beauty of a poem in disconnected quotations, while the smattering gained by such contact is extremely injurious to young people, for having thus learned enough of the subject to avoid the appearance of gross ignorance, they are satisfied. The common vice of our life is love of ease; the spirit of sacrifice is dead within us. Not for art, not for truth, not for God, will we sacrifice our ease; only perhaps for money, but then that is to buy ease in the future. Through this weakness we coach and cram our young men at the universities, and seek for easy methods to teach them the outside of things and lose the best result of all study, the mental strength which is gained by honest work. We use machine carving and pressed jewelry and electroplating, veneer our houses with slices of brown-stone, and build churches to the glory of God with marble-faced fronts and brick sides. Meanwhile our writers enrich their careless pages with the poetry of other minds to please the many instead of striving to present the noble fruit of labor for the delectation of the few. To save trouble, to save time, to avoid any sacrifice which can render life worthy or work noble, and to felicitate ourselves upon our advance in civilization because we do so, is the boasted triumph of our age and the unconscious betrayal of its barbarism.

It is difficult to imagine what would have become of the writers of our day without Shakespeare. Playwrights console themselves with the reflection that even he did not originate plots, and of course he can be used as a perpetual fountain of quotations by everybody for anything from a comic song to a funeral oration. Perhaps of all his plays *As You Like It* is the most ruthlessly pillaged for ideas. There is scarcely a line of that play (which should be read in summer ease under the flickering shadows of green boughs) that is not hacked and cut and tortured to fit into every conceivable outpouring of imbecility which can be printed or spoken. But Shakespeare alone is, like Nature, inexhaustible; and, full ofylvan shade and dewy atmosphere, he cannot be utterly destroyed to us by all the noise of fools, the tramp of idlers or the roll of traffic, but still offers green, untrod-den places where we may rest awhile from the jangling discords of our daily life.

#### SACRED MUSIC.

A RECENT periodical contained an excellent article upon church music, by way of review of a publication of sacred melodies. This is to many a subject of much interest. One of the means of offering homage to the Creator is by vocal music, and our gratitude and respect for the Supreme Being are shown as much by this exercise as by any of the other forms of worship. It was undoubtedly with this view that the church service has provided for the music of the voice in order that the whole congregation may join in the hymn of praise. At the present day, however, this view is in many instances entirely ignored; and instead of singing the old standard psalms,



tunes, the choir not unfrequently choose trivial airs in which scarcely any of the congregation can join. The old tunes of *Dundee*, *Arlington*, *Duke Street*, and the *Portuguese Hymn* are now given up for the more fashionable ones of *Garland*, *Give*, etc., while the hymn-books below serve no purpose unless it be to collect the dust from week to week.

The question may here very properly be asked, What is music? does it consist in singing, or in playing on an organ or a piano-forte, so as to produce an orderly succession of pleasing sounds, or what is termed a tune? So the child thinks when he beats his toy drum, or listens to the hand-organs at an exhibition of dancing monkeys. So thinks his sister as she drums on the piano-forte. Add to a certain agreeable titillation of the auricular organs the idea of skill in the performance, and there is present all that many persons understand by fine music. Accordingly, a concerto on a violoncello, or a noisy chorus, yields to many the highest musical enjoyment they are capable of receiving; and similar, also, is the pleasure derived by numerous persons in our crowded congregations from the performance of some of the four-part galloping tunes in use, particularly in the country. These tunes have often a ludicrous, and sometimes a disgusting, effect. An example of the former was cited some time since in a western newspaper as follows:

"With rev-erence let the sa-a-a-a-nts appear,  
And bow-wow-wow before the Lord."

Many of those, also, with whom such tunes are favorites will tell one that they "are passionately fond of music," and, no doubt, are sincere. Yet they have no idea of music as a language; they do not even understand its expression; it is no language to them. Play to them one of the sublime harmonies of the old masters and it will awaken no emotion radically different from that produced by some noisy air, which if not absolutely verging on profaneness, is at least an offense against musical taste and religious propriety. Indeed, it is to be feared that taste in sacred music has not only not improved of late but has been actually retrograding. A love of novelty and noise has taken the place of musical feeling, and the state of our psalmody remains a fit subject for sarcasm, or, rather, for serious regret and grave remonstrance. The finest music in existence has been suffered to lie neglected: Croft, Handel, and Mozart have, as it were, been forgotten, and their rich, lofty, and melodious compositions will hardly pay the expense of publication.

Either singing is a part of worship or it is not. If it is not, it should be done away with. If it is, it ought not to be thought beneath the attention of the officers of the church. As the head of these officers, the clergyman should count it an imperative duty to pay particular attention to the subject. It is at the present time a custom to entrust the entire direction of the selection of tunes (and in some cases of the hymns themselves) to the chorister. Now, choristers are too fond of introducing new tunes which are often degrading to psalmody; and if ministers leave all the responsibility to the choristers, they must not be surprised should they not pay much attention to the adaptation of the tune to the words. But if the selection of the tune be given to the chorister, care should be taken that he is not only well qualified for his office, but is a reverential and, if possible, a pious man. Nor is this caution as gratuitous as it might at first seem. We have personal knowledge of the chorister of one of our largest churches who habitually spends his time between the singing in a neighboring dram-shop playing loo or poker. Is such a one a fit person for his office?

If the clergyman has not a knowledge of music, he should acquire it. If he has not an ear for music, he should take counsel as to the choice of tunes with those who have. There is by far too great reluctance in this country to qualify ourselves for the performance of church music. In congregations in this city, where there ought from the number of worshippers to be a choir of at least a hundred, it is rare that more than ten or fifteen are found in their places. "Nature," says an old Scotch writer, "has beyond doubt conferred upon some talents that she has denied to other; but with all her assistance, much must be wrought out by a man's own industry." It is true that a bad ear can never be made a good one whatever industry may be used; but it is nevertheless equally true that a good ear is susceptible of great improvement.

Those, then, who enjoy the good fortune to be gifted by nature with voices and ears for music should consider it a sacred duty to take measures for improving themselves as rapidly as possible not only in performing, but in acquiring a genuine musical taste and feeling; more pains should be taken to have singing-masters and choir-leaders who actually have a love for and not merely a mechanical knowledge of music. And they, in turn, should

study to find music better suited than that in vogue to psalms and hymns to be sung. Above all, they should not be continually running after novelties. The works of the old masters contain an almost inexhaustible fund, which cannot be too heavily drawn upon. It is not necessary for every individual in a congregation to understand music, but all are more or less acted upon by it, or by that which is substituted for it, so as to have their feelings disturbed and their devotion interrupted by what is uncongenial and foreign to the character of worship. It is not for the gratification of the musical that a reform in our congregational worship is chiefly to be desired, but for the bringing of a better influence on the minds of even the most tasteless and unmusical. Children and savages are susceptible of the effect of genuine music, although they have no knowledge of it; nor, indeed, is it necessary to be possessed of musical judgment in order to be quite differently affected by different styles of composition. It is doubtless owing to a want of taste that many of the modern popular psalm-tunes are preferred to *Coronation*, *Ariel*, *Brattle Street*, *Woodstock*, and *Truro*. But this deficiency is doubtless connected with a want of devotional feeling, and a moral distaste for the solemnity appropriate to religious services; and on this account it should be judged inexpedient to give way to such irreligious feeling. The objection also to the gravity of the old tunes is as heartless as it is tasteless. But it were a mistake to imagine that the majority in our congregations give in to this rage for noise and novelty. It is the doing almost exclusively of the leaders of this part of public worship. Nothing is more striking than the general earnest feeling with which a whole congregation, when permitted, will take part in *Old Hundred*, or some such noble harmony, after the meagre performance of some fashionable novelty.

"Simple music," says an old Scotch divine, "for which the present age seems to have little relish, is capable of producing the most powerful effects on the sentiments; and the neglect of it is the cause that the mind is little interested in the most celebrated compositions." It is not contended that, like the preacher or the poet, it points out the path of duty by directly addressing the understanding; but it generates the emotional part of human nature, and awakens those sentiments that are congenial to everything amiable and good; and, in short, is highly favorable to the best feelings and dispositions of the heart. It surprises the mind into laudable desires and "leads it captive in the cause of virtue and piety with golden strings," nor need we go to heathen fable for proof of its suasive and medicative power. The manner in which the harp of the son of Jesse wrought on Saul is matter of history, and the predisposing power of music seems at least to be recognized when it is said that the Prophet Elisha, on being enquired of by the confederate kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom, called for a minstrel, and that "when the minstrel played the hand of the Lord came upon him."

Why, then, should it be regarded as less than an honor to be entrusted with the management of any part of the worship of God? Surely, among the members of the church some person might be found sufficiently accomplished to give proper effect to our old church harmonies. Music was not intended only for the drawing-room or the concert-hall. Its proper sphere is also in the home circle and in the house of prayer. Objectionable for the purpose of mere display, and sometimes wearisome as a mere amusement, its highest use and power are often best known to those who have found it their solace in the house of God, and who have softened before its heartfelt charm around the domestic fireside.

#### DELICATE RECREATIONS.

THERE is much in the present shape and obvious tendency of public amusements in this city to justify alarm respecting the state of a social system which can not only tolerate such representations, but generally patronize them. It is plain that the public must best like that which is most successful and which keeps, consequently, the longest possession of the boards. There is no possible escape from this conclusion. We are forced, therefore, to believe that the most purient displays of semi-nude human figures interwoven with spoken trash which, in a literary point of view, is no whit better than the penny ballads hawked on the park railings, constitute the class of performances which the people of New York are most anxious to see and which they propose to encourage into permanent establishment.

Society, in this large and expanding metropolis, is running in a swollen and turbid stream which becomes each day more foul and noisome, and which threatens to corrupt everybody and everything within its atmosphere. It is altogether in vain to imagine that evils of which

the stages of our theatres now nightly furnish the exponents or outward manifestations will either cure themselves, or stand still, or go backwards. They will do no such things. On the contrary, we may expect to see them grow worse and worse; and the lamentable part of the matter is that, partly because the sinister decadence is gradual and partly because it is the business of nobody in particular, it is either not believed in or deliberately ignored. The blasting punishment which overtook Sodom and Gomorrah—the purifying lava which covered with funereal pall Pompeii and Herculaneum—the rotting desolation which came down on imperial Rome—nay, even the physical degeneracy and intellectual cretinism of modern Paris—all these may be believed in because they are of the past, the gradual processes appear close together in perspective, and it is of the essence of human nature to credit every ill without while pertinaciously incredulous of the menacing poison within.

Not the less do these gross and shameful evils exist. We repeat what we have said before that the blame is less, far less, to the theatrical managers than to the public which sustains them. We do not for a moment suppose, for example, that the gentlemen whose really noteworthy enterprise brought hither from Europe the splendid paraphernalia and intricate machinery of the *Black Crook* would be in the least dissatisfied if the public would only condescend to be as well pleased to gaze upon half-dressed women as upon nearly naked ones. Like other merchants, they supply the goods for which there is the best and readiest market, and we are quite willing to believe that they have sufficient taste and love of decorum to be much more gratified than they now are if the public would discover as profitable a liking for goods less meretricious. It is a burning disgrace to that public that diversions now constitute the most popular evening's entertainment that can be devised which twenty years ago would have been indicted by the grand jury. That women can be found, night after night, to crowd in dozens, not to say hundreds, to embellish these sports of the brothel by their presence, and that without, so far as can be judged, a solitary blush of shame, is one of the most melancholy, most pitiable, and most threatening signs of the times. The virtuous woman who can endure the exhibition of frolicking and lascivious vice of this description and yet feel no indignant crimson dye her cheek is not far from pitying, or perchance embracing it. There is no parallel in European cities which either justifies or upholds such exhibitions. What they have in Europe in the way of ballet, whatever else it may be, is occasionally poetic, artistic—a performance where grossness is carried off by grace, and in which a symmetrical purpose partly disguises, if it does not veil, alluring display. Here we have the gingerbread without the gilding. The performance is simply nasty, without any poetry at all. It appeals without disguise to the lowest passions of human nature; and the sole emulation among the purveyors of these liquorish festivities is as to who shall furnish the grossest spectacle which the law can be expected to wink at and allow.

Since it seems to be conceded on all sides by practical minds that theatres are inevitable in a metropolis and that if they are evils they are necessary ones, the resource left to the influential and thoughtful portion of the community is obviously that of encouraging the houses where decency is still considered and where good plays are represented by competent performers, whose persons are at least partially clothed. The houses managed by Mr. Stewart, Mr. Wallack, and some others are, so far as we know, unexceptionable in this regard; and the self-respect which those gentlemen exhibit by respecting the community in which they live and thrive appears to good advantage from the contrast. At the two theatres first mentioned tragedy and comedy still enjoy reputable homes and are domiciled with taste, care, and common decency. In them fathers and mothers of families can be secure against the inculcation of lewd thoughts and the obtrusion of disgusting images. There may be a little too much reliance on fine clothes in one of these houses and a little too much subordinating of general effect to individual display in the other; but in general they are ably and intelligently conducted and may fairly be regarded as creditable to the metropolis in which they flourish.

#### ALBION PAPERS:

BEING FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

BY AN AMERICAN.

No. IV. LONDON STREETS—PASSAGES AND ARCADES.

IT would be an excellent thing for New York if some capitalist or association were to build a system of shops like those of the Palais-Royal, or, if that be too



grand or expensive to hope for, like Burlington Arcade. During our long, inclement winters such a structure would be almost priceless, and if in a convenient situation, close by Broadway and the Opera-house, for example, it would surely be very profitable. The comfort of a covered pavement on a stormy day needs to be experienced to be fully appreciated; and even when open on one side to the weather, like the Arcade of the Rue de Rivoli, it affords a temptation to exercise which, for ladies and children especially, is invaluable. Most of the illness of our New York winters arises from want of exercise. There are usually two, and sometimes three, months when for delicate people to get about on foot is well-nigh impossible; when, indeed, even carriages have difficulty in threading the all but impassable streets. At such a season arcades, if we had them, would be thronged, and they would, of course, be fashionable promenades at all others. Beadles—to keep out objectionable persons and things—would be indispensable, but a republicanism which has been brought to stand servants in livery as well as policemen in uniform could, doubtless, be induced to tolerate even such despotic guardians. London is not a suitable town for arcades; it is too dark. What with the fogs and the short days it is needful there to make the most of sunlight and shut out as little as possible. If you talk with a New Yorker and a Londoner about the chief desideratum, say, of a country residence, the latter will ask for a sunny exposure, the former for plenty of shade. The Englishman chiefly dreads damp, the American glare. Now, there is generally light enough in Paris and always enough in the Rue de Rivoli, which for most of its length is flanked by the gardens of the Tuileries; this noble street is, therefore, at all times one of the most charming of promenades. To induce proprietors to build it with uniform façades, etc., they were allowed by the government immunity from taxation for thirty years. On a smaller scale, something similar was attempted some years ago in London in what is called the Quadrant, Regent Street; it was found objectionable, not alone on the score of light, but because, it is said, of the bad characters who persisted in collecting under the arches and whom it was found impossible to drive away. Neither of these difficulties is found insuperable in Burlington Arcade; but there the beadles are dragons of virtue, at least to shabby impropriety, and the roof is glazed.

Burlington Arcade consists of but a single straight gallery which runs parallel with the gardens of Devonshire House—on a slice of which grounds, by the way, it is built—from Vigo Street to Piccadilly. A much better form is manifestly the rectangular one, permitting a continuous walk without the necessity for turning. The income of such a building in New York may be estimated from that of the shops of the Palais-Royal. In the Galerie d'Orléans these little boxes—only eighteen feet square, and having for family accommodation, in accordance with old-world custom, a small entresol and cellar—formerly rented for 4,000 francs per annum each. It should be remembered that most of the space in such an edifice would naturally consist of rear lots, not frontage on principal thoroughfares, thus enhancing the commercial advantage of the speculation. There are two other arcades in London west of Temple Bar, each single passages, namely, Lowther Arcade, running from the Strand and always crowded, and the opera colonnade under Her Majesty's Theatre, which, being dark and dismal, is generally empty. None of these are good models, but a Burlington Arcade multiplied by four would be a very good one indeed. I am quite certain that if the New York ladies could once enjoy such a convenience—a dry, comfortable, and elegant promenade where they could buy millinery, jewelry, books, prints and newspapers, china, flowers, refreshments, and knick-knacks of every description—they would not only pronounce it indispensable in the future but would wonder how they could ever have dispensed with it in the past. One of the Parisian guide-books very fairly boasts that "it would be no difficult matter to pass one's whole life in the Palais-Royal, without feeling the necessity of going one step beyond its walls; there is no want either natural or artificial, no appetite of the grosser or more refined order, no wish for the cultivation of the mind or decoration of the body, no sensual or spiritual humor, which would not here find food, gratification, and perpetual variety. No age, no station, no temper could ever leave it without an ardent desire to return: the sight is first caught and the other senses follow in rapid succession." A New York Palais-Royal might readily be made to offer similar advantages.

I know of no little spot in London where in the season and at the proper time of day a stranger may see more that is interesting and characteristic of various classes of English people than in Burlington Arcade. Guardsmen, clubmen, ladies of fashion ladies of the

*demi-monde*, clergymen, country squires, pretty girls, gorgeous footmen and demure pages, flock by or pour in and out of the dapper little shops in a never-ending and varied stream. Here is Truefitt's, the famous hair-dresser, whose parent handled the ambrosial locks of "the first gentleman in Europe." Here is Jeff's, the hardly less celebrated importer of French books and plays. Here a score of other fashionable tradesmen, whose names are familiar to American eyes from reading them in English novels. Every conceivable novelty in dress and equipment, every costly trifle the vogue of the moment, may here be seen set forth in the most attractive and alluring style. Here you can get all your clothes, your boots and slippers, hats, gloves, and dressing-gowns, walking-sticks, fire-arms, watches, light literature, stationery, perfumery, in short, everything you can possibly require from a post-*age-stamp to a trousseau*. At the crowded windows of the print-shops you can see the faces of all Europe's greatest and most beautiful ones, horses, pet dogs, and prize cattle included. Here are Victoria and John Bright, Anonyma and Lord Derby, the Pet of the Ballet and Mr. Disraeli, his Grace of Cambridge's Skye terrier and Stuart Mill, Napoleon III. and Mr. Buckstone, Gladiateur and Tom Sayers, the American Ambassador and Mdlle. Tietjens. Here, too, are countless pictures of lovely duchesses and countesses who have turned scores of heads in the last generation, and who seem like old friends from our memories of *Keepsakes* and *Tokens* and *Books of Beauty* of years ago. But your observation need not be confined to the mere images of celebrities; for if you are fortunate enough to have an experienced companion he will point out among the passing throng plenty of people of whom you have heard and whom you are curious to see. The Arcade forms a short cut from Regent and Bond Streets to the point in Piccadilly with which it communicates, and, close by nearly all the great clubs, it is thus constantly honored by the passage of notables. I have seen there of an afternoon two or three cabinet ministers, several distinguished nobles, and quite an army of famous authors, soldiers, artists, and actresses. The crowd is orderly, partly because of its constituents and partly from the dreaded watchfulness of the despotic beadles; while the poor beggars who beset you, despite the law, at almost every turn in the London streets, are here, I believe, not permitted to enter.

So far as the interests of tradespeople themselves are concerned, it is found by experience—and the experiment has been tried at the Palace at Sydenham on a very extensive scale—that customers are more likely to buy, especially of fancy goods and the smaller wares usually sold in bazaars and arcades, when they have abundant opportunity to walk up and closely survey the proffered articles without being importuned to purchase. Possibly the effect may be more marked in England, where ladies usually object, unlike the ladies of New York, to enter a shop at all unless they have actually determined and are quite ready to buy; custom seeming to authorize shopmen to be rude to people who are about to go without leaving money behind them. Still I have little doubt but that the privilege of inspecting goods without being forced to listen to the oftentimes wearisome conversation of salesmen, would have a favorable effect on sales among ourselves as well as in London.

It is sometimes urged as an objection to the Arcade that young ladies and gentlemen are apt to make surreptitious appointments to meet each other there; its convenience in rainy London and the plausibility of its shopping facilities suggesting its utility for such little arrangements. I am afraid my own observation substantiates the charge, but as the same objection may be made to the National Gallery, the British Museum, or to any place of common resort, and even to the open streets themselves, it seems hardly fair to reckon it an exclusive disadvantage pertaining to arcades. Young ladies and gentlemen do such things in New York, perhaps, when they are so minded and where there are no arcades, and probably their nefarious practice would not be greatly aggravated by the introduction of such edifices; in any case, their convenience may reasonably be weighed against even so grave a contingency. It is certainly a very pleasant thing in wet and dirty weather to have a convenient and agreeable resort where a stroll may be enjoyed without being drenched by rain and splashed by carriages, and where the sojourner who has no afternoon resource but a solitary lodging may mingle with tolerably clean and well-bred fellow-beings, and look upon lively and interesting objects. In our variable climate the arcade would present almost constant attractions. It would be warm in winter and cool in summer. Our great streets, too, which are becoming yearly more overcrowded, would be somewhat relieved by accommodations which would draw off so many shoppers and promenaders. Glass roofs, like that of the Crystal Palace, would

provide for any difficulty respecting light, and the structures might be placed on the interiors of blocks, requiring entrances only on expensive thoroughfares. It is always desirable to increase the legitimate attractions of a metropolis, and these are not yet so plentiful with us as to make superfluous suggestions for adding to their number.

There are several buildings in London which offer most of the advantages of arcades, although they cannot properly be described as such. There is, for instance, the Pantheon, which connects with Oxford and Great Marlboro' Streets, and what is called the Crystal Palace, in the northeastern angle of Oxford and Regent Streets. In each of these there are many shops or stalls which offer a great variety of tempting wares under a common roof, and in each the vendors are found on two or more stories. Paris, of course, is full of *Passages*. It is somewhat singular that, in our comparatively narrow city, where rooms of such consequence, no similar structures are as yet to be found, since there exist such apparent incentives to build and profit by them. Perhaps with the new improvements for travel which must now speedily be effected some enterprising individuals may appear to supply the deficiency; so that by the time we are whirled from the Battery to Central Park in fifteen minutes, Broadway may boast an arcade which, as the fashion of our country is, shall far outshine in size, splendor, and convenience the one which skirts the Devonshire property in Piccadilly.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.*

LONDON.

LONDON, February 16, 1867.

THE Fenian outbreaks of the past week have not convinced any thinking man here that there is really any serious purpose in this insane movement. As to the Chester affair, it seems pretty clear that three or four hundred mysterious strangers did pay a sudden visit to that sleepy old city, and that they were provided to some degree with arms may be inferred from the ammunition since dredged up from the bed of the river and the pits in the neighborhood; but let any one consider for a moment what possible advantage three or four hundred men could have expected to derive even from a successful assault upon Chester Castle. A whole network of railways connects Chester with every arsenal and depot of troops, arms, and ammunition in England, Scotland, and Wales. Scarcely a man could have been found in the whole city, or even in the whole country, to sympathize with the raiders; and if the people themselves could not have given a good account of their visitors, the arrival of more troops must have been only an affair of hours. But then some say they are in want of arms, and at least the stores at the castle would have been valuable to them. The answer is that the Fenians are not so much in want of arms as of the means of keeping arms or of conveying them to where they are wanted. Fancy three or four hundred men walking out of Chester with stolen muskets on their shoulders, in the hope of being able to use them for the benefit of their comrades in Tralee and Cahirciveen. This objection indeed applies more or less to the whole agitation. It is impossible that any one of the leaders can really believe that the independence of Ireland can be achieved in this way, and I therefore assume, notwithstanding recent events in Ireland, that there will be no serious outbreak, but only that perpetual agitation which, like the continual sorties of a besieged town, annoy and disheartens the enemy by keeping him on the alert. If this be what is meant—and it is impossible to doubt it—I am not sure that it is not good policy for the Irish people. Independence they cannot get; but they may get something, provided they do not come to actual rebellion on a large scale. That would, of course, be put down; and the country, as is almost always the case after an unsuccessful revolt, would be ruled with a sterner disregard of the popular feeling than ever. A state of perpetual imminent rebellion is another matter. It may serve to compel the English government to grapple with Irish grievances which are manifold and flagrant, and it may strengthen the hands of the advanced Liberals in our House of Commons who are anxious to improve the land tenures of Ireland, to abolish the national Church, and other of the most glaring abuses in our management of that unhappy country.

Some of our papers ridiculed Mr. Walpole, the Tory Home Secretary, for telling the House how he sat up all night on that occasion receiving and despatching tele-



grams; but they have since altered their tone. Poor Mr. Walpole has inherited anything but a quiet post. For many a long year we had no riotings in this country sufficient to cause a Home Secretary a moment's uneasiness; but no sooner does the mildest and most pacific old gentleman in Parliament succeed to that office than outbreaks commence which will make his reign famous. Hyde Park is still surrounded with a good two miles and a half of ugly boarding, indicating where the reform rioters broke away into the park in spite of his mild, paternal admonitions; and now we have Chester, of all towns, the scene of an insurrectionary movement which compels the commander-in-chief to hurry away from listening to Mr. Disraeli's reform speech.

The Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, had been also listening to Disraeli's speech, but had found it, I suppose, rather "slow," for they had quietly departed and were spending the evening at the Alhambra, where a telegram about the Chester business was handed to them by the manager, for the Alhambra prides itself upon its telegrams, and posts up every half hour during debates in the House of Commons telegraphic notices of the progress of business and other events. The prince and his brother are rather fond of a night at this illegal place of entertainment, perhaps because they are allowed to go up to a quiet box without any of those obeisances and genuflections which the theatre managers think necessary, and which are so terrible a bore to royal personages. The Alhambra maxim seems to be to provide illustrious visitors with the best cigars that can be had, and then let them alone. At all events, the managers send round no puffing announcements of royal visits to the newspapers, by which means, as the Duke of Edinburgh remarked to his brother the other night, "they generally come to the little lady's ears." What this remark means, or what "little lady" it can refer to, I do not exactly know. I give it as I had it from the very intelligent attendant, whose shrewdness and enterprise in conceiving and carrying out the idea of listening at the keyhole of the prince's box was happily rewarded by his overhearing this interesting, though obscure, piece of royal small talk.

When THE ROUND TABLE comes back here with this anecdote printed our papers will cry shame. They will not believe that story about the attendant. Mr. John Hogg, who corrected me about Mr. Maxwell and *Belgravia* the other day, will, perhaps, write to say that there are no keyholes to Alhambra box doors; and that your London correspondent must be either the prince or the duke himself, or else some guest whom they honored by inviting into their presence, and who then, for a paltry two hundred and fifty dollars a column, went and betrayed those secrets in the pages of a new paper. Let them say what they will. It is not every day that a scrap of genuine private conversation between a royal duke and an heir apparent to the British throne falls in the way of your London correspondent.

You are quite right in praising *Littell's Lark*. It is a very good parody—full of genuine fun and droll travesty of the leading points in Charles Reade's story. Eytinge's little pictures, too, are not bad. He, and indeed any other clever American artist, should turn his thoughts to our market. I do not know whether book and magazine illustrators are with you "plenty as blackberries." With us they get scarcer and scarcer. I mean, of course, in relation to the demand for them. The poorest hand at an original drawing on wood can earn a decent income; the best can live like princes. The rank and file get six to ten guineas for a magazine illustration; men like Du Maurier and J. D. Watson get thirty for a drawing which is certainly not more than a day's work. Mr. Charles Reade prides himself upon never waiting on a publisher. I knew once an editor of a powerful critical journal who had a similar whim, and being the editor of a powerful critical journal he was, of course, able, as a rule, to indulge it. When he had a manuscript for publication he went home and sat in his study, and sent word to the firm which he honored with his preference that he might be approached at a certain hour. It must have been a glorious satisfaction to him to see the humble man of Paternoster Row coming, hat in hand, and punctual to a moment; but I could have respected his principle more if I had not happened to know that he waived it in favor of the magnates of the trade, like Mr. John Murray, who is a very great man indeed in this city, and calls upon no man unless he pleases. The artists, however, never waive this important point, though they have, I believe, been known to meet a very distinguished editor at a "half-way house." As most Englishmen above the multitudinous poorer classes think themselves superior to all other Englishmen (as regards foreigners, you know we have long ago made up our minds on that point), it will not surprise you to hear that

editors are equally stubborn; inasmuch that illustrated magazines would probably never have been brought out at all if somebody had not invented "an artist manager," who forms one of the most important persons in a large publishing establishment. This artist manager is a great manager indeed—always a man of tact, or he would soon get his discharge. He must make suggestions, if any are necessary, in the most cautious and insinuating manner. He must know to a shade the temper of all the principal book and magazine illustrators; be able to determine exactly which man will endure to be told what is the best point in the story for pictorial representation, and which man will resent such a suggestion of his own fallibility by throwing the work in your face, and bidding you illustrate it yourself. It is a curious fact in social science that with all this our artists are generally poor. When they do call on editors and publishers it is generally for money; and when they die it is not unfrequently found that their families are compelled to appeal to the public for help.

The reform demonstration, last Monday, was not quite equal to the last as regards the number actually walking in the procession. This was not the fault of the day, which was beautiful. The fact is that walking in procession through the mud of London streets and carrying flags and banners are not pleasant amusements for the chief actors in them. On the foot-paths along each side of the road, as the procession went on, a stream of men bearing the Reform League cards in their hats and caps was continually flowing. Their numbers must have been far greater than that of those in the procession, which was certainly under twenty thousand. Among the novel features of the day was the presence of a number of women among the trades; whether wives of the working-men determined to share in their husband's holiday, or enthusiastic female politicians stirred to a sense of the wrongs of their sex by Mr. Mill's eloquent advocacy of female suffrage, I know not. One of these was a colored woman in mourning, who wore a white scarf and rode in a sort of wagon. I have been told that she was a servant of the unfortunate Gordon, of Jamaica; who was there because one of the companies of men in the procession were carrying a black flag inscribed with Gordon's name and some allusions to his fate. Any way, this flag came immediately after her.

Frederick Locker's beautiful volume of selections of *vers de société*, which I told you, I think, in my last had been withdrawn from circulation, was stopped through a difficulty with Mr. John Forester. Some verses by the late Savage Landor were included, the copyright of which was Mr. Forester's property, Landor having given him in his lifetime all his works. Mr. Forester has recently had disputes with Messrs. Moxon, the publishers of the volume, about Mr. Procter's *Life of Lamb*, Forester acting on Mr. Procter's behalf. Mr. Forester, I believe, regards himself and his friend as having been ill-used in the matter, and is consequently not inclined to pardon the liberty the publishers and their editor had taken of inserting some of Mr. Landor's pieces in *Lyra Elegantiarum* without his permission. Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### NATIONAL EDUCATION.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Permit me to enter a protest against your recommendation that the general government should take charge of the education of the young over the whole country, because:

1. It has just been demonstrated to the satisfaction of an unfriendly committee that the public schools, even in this corrupt city, are better managed by our own local board, elected by ourselves, than they would be by agents of the central power of the state. *A fortiori*, to transfer their superintendence to a still more distant centre, Washington, would be to increase the chances of their being misgoverned.

2. It is not a wise principle to educate all children alike. No man educates all of his own little family of five or six children alike. The harmony of the universe is kept up not by stereotyped forms for all planets, or for all animals, nor by making the highest family of animals, men, all alike. If in one little nation, or one city, or even in one family, all men were alike, whether in capacity, or form, or character, there would be discord, not harmony. If there were not discord, society would, at all events, be dull, dumb, tuneless, lifeless. The harmony of the universe is kept up by infinite variety.

3. We reach excellence in everything best by free competition. If government is to prescribe one uniform mode of education, one stereotyped set of text-books, one test of qualification for all teachers, one rate of reward for the services of those who teach, the real teachers, those who are born for teaching, will be driven out of their vocation. No man who has discovered an improvement in the mode of educating the young will be able to struggle into usefulness in competition with a colossal government. If he would teach at all he must put himself into rigid subordination to the government mode, must take what reward for his labor it may prescribe.

4. You ably contend for the rights of every man to exchange his labor with another man anywhere in the world, on such terms as they two may agree upon, without interference of government. This is the principle of your sound doctrine of free trade. Has not the man whom God has made fit for a teacher the right to use his faculties and to sell his services as best he may, free from the crushing competition of the whole united community against him? Let all such men have the same chance in the world as have lawyers and doctors and butchers and bakers, and we shall have as eminent and successful teachers as we now have lawyers and doctors and butchers and bakers.

5. So far as my observation goes, unendowed schools are more earnest, more honest, more industrious, and more successful in imparting knowledge than endowed schools. Professors in well-endowed chairs are proverbially drones. They may amuse themselves, in some instances, with scholarly essays outside of their duties, for the sake of repute with the world, but this is done at the expense of the thought and time that should be given to their proper duties. As a general rule, well-endowed professors do little or nothing within or without the sphere of their duties. Government appointments and government pay will have the same effect as salaries from an endowment.

6. Good as many of our public schools are, it is not proved that they would not be better, if government, whether state or national, let them alone altogether. What is the difference between government giving a man free maintenance for his children in food and clothing and giving him free education for them? The former, it is admitted, would tend to demoralize society, by taking away the proper responsibility of parents and weakening the mutual obligations of parent and child. Do our public schools in any great proportion afford education to the really poor, to children whose parents are unable or unwilling to bring them up? If they do, why have we so many societies (voluntary societies) for taking care of neglected and destitute children and bringing them up not in the public schools, but in private asylums? The fallacy that the rich pay the taxes is exploded. Every man who works pays his full share of all taxes, whether for schools or other things. It is well known that a very large amount of money is drawn by state taxation from the labor of this city and applied at Albany to the country schools. If this school-tax were left in the pockets of our people, they would be able to pay well for the schooling of their own children.

7. There is a great variety of opinions about how to educate the young. Instead of allowing this collision of opinion and of consequent practice to bring out improvements, your method would give to one man, and he a bureaucrat, the power of prescribing how every one's children shall be taught.

8. Experiment has proved to us that churches flourish best when left to the voluntary efforts and association of the people. Churches are schools—that is, societies for teaching—for teaching old as well as young, for teaching them virtue, which is more important to the welfare of the state than what we call intelligence, meaning thereby smartness. If this kind of teaching can be left safely to voluntary effort, so can ordinary education. If the state, as it has given up the control of religion, would give up the control of ordinary education, we should have better schools than now. We should have a wholesome and improving competition; competition among churches, among neighborhoods, among teachers striving to make themselves most useful and to earn thereby the best reward. If the churches had the education of the young thrown upon them (so far as any aid is to be given to parents), the clergymen would have some real work to do and be improved thereby. We should have Roman Catholic schools, Episcopal schools, Methodist schools, Baptist schools, Presbyterian schools, Unitarian schools, Israelite schools, and probably Infidel schools. With a fair field and no favor, the best would lead. The people can spend their money for themselves better than any government can spend it for them, and if left untaxed will spend it well and freely.

9. No fear that there would be less education than now. Parents, in this age, are quite alive to the importance of learning to their children.

State control of the subject of education is better than superintendence from Washington; county control would be better than that of the state; the control of each town over its own schools would be better than a county system; neighborhood control of the matter by voluntary association would be better than that of any public officials. Freedom to teach is a branch of free labor. There is no freedom in teaching when the government prescribes how the mass of teaching shall be done, when by combining the whole force of the community in one grand school society, with itself as supreme director, it crushes out competition. SENEX.

[If we could grant our correspondent's premises, we might believe with him that national education is undesirable. But he seems to us to be at fault in assuming that there is enough intelligent interest in the matter to care for it by voluntary effort; in believing that there can be competition in a profession which for three-quarters of a century has failed to gain an existence in the greater part of the country and is not likely to do so within the life of the present generation; and in fearing that government intervention would drive competent men (and women) from a pursuit in which it has hitherto been impossible to engage them, in the numbers in which they are wanted. So long as teachers' salaries average from \$300 to \$400 a year—as they do in the public schools of New Jersey and other states—the payment of adequate salaries by the government can injure neither the teacher nor the quality of instruction; and just so



long in state, county, or neighborhood control—where that does not mean entire neglect—inadequate to the task. Except by the intervention of the government, this generation is unlikely to see decent school systems in any state south of Mason and Dixon's line or west of the Mississippi, while from their condition in the Middle States it seems doubtful whether we shall ever have them. National schools, however, would be chiefly valuable in that they would justify the government in enforcing attendance of all children at some school, and in exacting an intelligence qualification in voters, beside supplying, as we showed, qualified candidates for the minor government offices.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

#### THE DECAY OF POLITENESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: There are few more charming essays in the English language than that of Charles Lamb on the decay of beggars. I wish I could infuse somewhat of its spirit in what I purpose to write you on the decay of politeness. But to few, and alas! how few, is granted the delicate irony and the chastened wit of that most charming humorist. It would indeed be something even to walk falteringly in his footsteps, as almost with a similar feeling, Washington Irving, in writing at the tomb of Shakespeare, remarked, on the sexton telling him that, an adjoining grave having been opened, he had looked in and saw some dust, "It would have been something to have seen the dust of Shakespeare."

What is this politeness which all the world profess and few practise? Certainly not the courtly bow nor the courteous speech, but in its essence is the expression of a generous spirit and kind heart in the ordinary transactions of life, whether great or small. I remember many years ago, on leaving home to push my fortunes in a foreign land, that an aged friend on shaking my hand on bidding me farewell said, "My dear boy, I hope you will succeed; stick to your business, but, whatever you do, don't teach people manners." I paid little heed to his advice and thought the observation somewhat strange, and indeed somewhat ludicrous; but years have rolled by and I now see its wisdom and truth. The fact is that nowadays, let a man be ever so ignorant, ever so ill-bred, ever so selfish, yet he claims distinctively the honors and status of a gentleman, and there is no suggestion more likely to provoke a conflict or stir up an angry feeling than the slightest insinuation that his manners can be mended. You may sneer a little at his morals, you may differ with him in his religion, you may refuse him money, and these little wounds soon scar over; but the remotest insinuation that he is ill-bred or unmannerly, or, in vulgar parlance, no gentleman, and according to his rank in life you may look out for retaliation. Of course such provocation is not quite what I mean by teaching manners, as it would show a deficiency in the tutor and would deserve a severe reproof from even a well-bred man; but I wish to observe that sensitiveness on this head is universal, and can no more be approached than the most delicate family secret be alluded to in that family presence.

Then, with this universal presumption, how is it that every thinking person notes a decay of politeness not only here in this city, but all over America? Are we then less Christian, less civilized, less humane, or less chivalrous than our fathers or our founders? I think so. I think a great deal of the real good old blood has either died out or got so diluted that we have receded from our ancestor's homely yet kindly manners.

We have had a very large immigration, Irishmen, Germans, and all classes of Europeans. Now, the Celt is from heart (though but the hard-working mechanic and too often the thirsty and pugnacious one) a gentleman, full of nature's kindly impulses, somewhat rough yet most generally meaningly kind. The Englishman is reserved, not very courteous, but seldom rude; still, with sometimes a repelling manner, sound at heart and obliging and serviceable. The French, the Spaniards, and all the inflowing from the Hispano-American Republics bring us a stock of courtesy, a high-bred tone, and much of polish. What shall I say of the German element among us? During the last twelve years there have arrived on our shores two millions of these thrifty and hard-working Teutons. They shed their blood freely in the late cruel war and contributed by their labor to the strength, prosperity, and future grandeur of America. But I fear that this element has been that which has mainly contributed to the decay of politeness among us. At home subjected to great poverty, scanty living, conscription, and the despotism not only of their respective governments but of their feudal lords, they exchange all this on their arrival here for well-paid labor, abundant food, unlimited lager (not a small privilege in their eyes), and the most perfect political equality. This to their somewhat obtuse minds is so novel, so charming, that they add to it generally a tramping under foot of all social obligations.

If you are jostled in a car, or hustled in a theatre, or have smoke puffed in your face in the street, be sure that the offender is some German mechanic. Wherever you go if there is some loud talking, some boisterous street singing, some curt and uncivil reply, you may, if you are even a blind or a deaf man, pronounce the Teutonic element as uppermost. This conduct has its imitators. Buckle, in his great work on *Civilization*, says that the work of progress is always retarded by the few, and that we more readily learn the vices of the inferior than teach him the virtues of his superior. That has occurred here. We have an element that is non-progressive, and has at least kept good manners stationary. I see New York less advanced than thirty years ago in all those charming little courtesies that you meet with in France, or Vienna, or the large towns in England. To any question, how-

ever properly put, the wayfarer here adopts the "quien sabe" of the Spaniard. Life is too short with them for a reply. I appeal to your readers whether your neighbor ever knows what that church, theatre, hall, or anything else is—not from ignorance but from disinclination.

The colored element amongst us now acquiring a political status has hitherto been, whilst in a state of servitude, markedly polite, and put to shame often his white taskmaster by the courteousness of his behavior. That is now dying away, and the stalwart negro sits lolled listlessly in the car whilst the delicate white lady is holding on by the straps. Should this be? Is the late offer of a prize for gentlemanly conduct a sarcasm of a reality?

Let a better pen than mine reprove this boorishness, and let every one try in some little way to contribute his mite, by personal sacrifice, to a general amendment. The truest republicanism is not incompatible with the highest type of a Christian gentleman.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

NEMO.

#### PEDANTRY VS. SCHOLARSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: While I admire the artistic excellence and ability of your paper, I think it fortunate for its reputation that it does not claim to have scientific worth; for if your art was not more accurate than your science sometimes is, I fear that your readers would soon find themselves surrounded by that mental fog in which alone the theories of the protectionists find a refuge.

In your issue of the 16th inst., speaking of *The Scholar on His Legs*, you give vent to the following startling proposition in mechanics and chemistry:

"The scholar, who knows how easily his receiver is exhausted by even so gentle a process as the writing of an essay till he feels compelled to go to his reading again for mental carbon to repair the exhaustion, must often witness with surprise the fluent thought of the unlearned monologist whom he may encounter at any of the houses, lighted up and down, of a reception evening!"

In the name of wonder, what does the second clause of this luminous sentence mean? How under heaven can a scholar "exhaust his receiver" by a "gentle process"? How can a process be "gentle" which compels him to go to reading again to repair his exhaustion? Do you mean to say that the scholar's inside is exhausted by the strokes of his pen, just as the inside of a bell-jar is by the strokes of the pump? In other words, do you think that the essay is forced or pumped out of him?

The point at which his "receiver" becomes exhausted is also pleasingly vague, as it varies with each individual; but when you talk of refilling a receiver which is emptied of air with carbon, which would choke the luckless scholar in an instant, your awe-struck readers must be nearly prepared for the mental asphyxia which such a refilling process will surely work.

Above all, why should a scholar have a receiver at all, when what he needs is not a reservoir but a digestion? "Mental carbon" is not to be stored up and unpacked in parcels, without going through any other process, if it is to be mental food. It is to be digested, assimilated with other matter, and made a part of the scholar's mental life and usefulness.

And here, I think, lies the real trouble with most scholars. Their "pure mentality" is not of the highest order of growth. It is too often of the order of sponges, absorbing everything which it meets, and merely holding it without further use for it. Or it is a mental dyspepsia, wherein they swallow everything, but digest little? Now, the fluent thinker and talker is usually one who digests quickly and thoroughly the little which he does swallow, and thus really makes better use of his knowledge than the scholar.

Again, the scholar is often simply a man of literature; that is, a man much skilled in the art of writing, but little in science or the facts of existence. He who can write well when he sits down in his closet and toils over every line, is not so likely to talk well as is he who in the closet fills his mind with facts and principles, and assimilates them by discussing them in public.

In another article you boldly assert that "the worst things get the widest circulation," and that "the logical ultimate of democracy is to put the lowest and meanest at the head of the state." Such superficial views, in a leading journal, of sociologic facts are painful to witness. A moment's reflection would have shown you that it is those things which accord with the average which have the widest success; and that, by very definition, the average is neither best nor worst. A moment's thought would also have shown you that the logical ultimate of democratic freedom is to let every one take the place in society for which he is by nature fitted; and a little reading of Spencer, Mill, Bastiat, or any of the most advanced sociologists, would have pointed out to you that all governments are means to secure this freedom, which differ in their fitness for the end.

Respectfully,

J. K. H. WILLCOX.

NEW YORK, February 20, 1867.

[We print this letter for the sake of showing the curious facility with which a mind given up to the contemplation of statistics, natural science, and sociologic theories becomes incapable of viewing any proposition save through narrow and exceptional media. It is evidently as difficult to get a metaphor through the head of Mr. Willcox as a joke through that of a Scotchman. "The fluent thinker and talker is usually one who digests quickly and thoroughly the little he does swallow, and thus really makes better use of his knowledge than the scholar"! This is precisely the deplorable blunder which in America has done so much harm; although with our correspondent's obviously peculiar intelligence it is not singular that he should fall into and illustrate it.

Undoubtedly "the worst things get the widest circulation;" and if *The Social Science Review* is an exception, *The Herald*, *Sunday Mercury*, and yellow-colored literature generally are not. As unquestionably "the logical ultimate of democracy," i.e., the government of mere numbers, "is to put the lowest and meanest at the head of the state." If such be not really the tendency, we have mistaken alike the characters of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, and those of Johnson, Wood, and Morrissey. If Mr. Willcox would condescend to deal a little more with commonplace facts and a little less with sociologic theories, he would scarcely write such ill-considered letters as the above, of which the concluding paragraph is at once obscure, presumptuous, and silly.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

#### ARCTIC CONTROVERSIES.\*

IF there be or be not an open polar sea; if vessels navigated by Dutch skippers have or have not in times past penetrated the pack-ice between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; if that questionable sea is finally to be reached beyond cavil by sled or ship; if the route to it shall be through Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound or from the side of northern Europe; if the discovered Northwest passage can be passed by vessel or not; if any further traces of Franklin's party are likely to be found or not; and, finally, if it be desirable or not to expend more money and hazard more lives in pursuance of any of these investigations—these are the main points upon which geographers, seamen, and humanitarians are not agreed. Till within fifty years no practicable entrance to the polar regions was thought to exist except through the portals of Behring's Straits, unless it be in the imagination of sundry bygone whaling adventurers who used proudly to show their logs and declare they had gone up to 89° 39', and would have reached full 90° but for the superstitious dread of their crews at being caught in the vortex of the dreadful pole. During the summer of 1800, before and following the departure of Dr. Hayes's expedition, several contributions appeared in *The Evening Post*, of this city, confidently setting forth a belief in this polar navigable sea, and enumerating various questionable voyages of the past to the immediate neighborhood of the pole. They were, perhaps, written in the interest of the explorer just then engaging public attention by his determination to make renewed efforts in that direction; but the friend, doubtless, went beyond Dr. Hayes's own limit, for the latter has never been sanguine enough to believe that any greater nothing by vessel has ever been attained than that of Scoresby. Dr. Hayes's reasoning was based on different grounds, though he did not reject Morton's story of the open expanse of water, as many did. That Kane's narrative in this particular wanted his own personal testimony was the position taken in *The Edinburgh Review*, about the time of Hayes's departure, that it must be excused from putting implicit confidence in his steward and an Esquimaux. It turned out that Dr. Hayes found ice where Morton reported water; but that did not shake his confidence in his predecessor's veracity, and beforehand he conceived his recital to be a strong corroboration of the physical theory of the Gulf Stream and a counter arctic current coming down Smith's Sound, which by the force of compensating circulation was to raise the temperature of the polar basin and keep it open. So when he reached a higher latitude than even Morton claimed, he felt convinced that water was beyond the ice that stopped him, from the character and movements of the pack and the watery sky which bounded his vision to the north and east. A *Quarterly Review*, whose careful paper on north polar explorations was printed about a year and a half ago, is inclined to think the doctor borrowed somewhat of his hopes in drawing his conclusions from this weakening ice and the humid sky; and he furthermore charges the supporters of the theory with perverting Parry's testimony of his sledging explorations from the Spitzbergen side, representing that this navigator found ever thickening instead of rotting ice the farther he went, and that the glare of an ice-blink still confronted him towards the pole. Indeed, says *The Quarterly Review*, "never was so grand a superstructure of theory based upon so slight a foundation of fact;" and he charges Petermann, the German professor whom Hayes compliments so highly as a geographer, with having the propensity of a stay-at-home theorizer to twist the reports of those who have faced the boreal blasts to answer his own preconceived notions. Belcher, Ommann, and Hayes, not to

\* *The Open Polar Sea: A Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole in the Schooner United States*. By Dr. J. I. Hayes. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867. 8vo, pp. xxiv, 454.



name others, have dared enough in their own persons to shield their theory (in which they unite, we think) from any aspersions germinating in the study. Nor do we think Agassiz's reason for a belief in the open sea, though a physiologist's and not an explorer's, unworthy of consideration, and that is that the whales are known to retreat northward in the winter, and, being warm-blooded and requiring air to breathe, it must be that they find an iceless expanse where they can have this necessity. Agassiz wrote such views in favor of Dr. Hayes's appeal for funds now some eight or nine years ago. At about the same time Dr. Rink, of Copenhagen, was making before the Royal Geographical Society of London an argument against a belief in such a polar sea, following, if we mistake not, much the same line of argument that the *Quarterly Reviewer* now pursues since the publication of Hayes's discoveries. Dr. Hayes, if we remember rightly in answer to this European sceptic, at that time put forth publicly the ground of his belief in this sea, independent of actual discovery, questionable or not, and of the theory of the Gulf Stream's influence; and these were that the flight of birds is north in the arctic regions in the spring; that the isothermal curves favored a warmer temperature than the intervening ice-belt; that the point of extreme cold seemed settled at 78°, with presumptive assuaging the higher you ascend; that Esquimaux traditions all point to the north as their original home. Of course such objectors as the *Quarterly Reviewer* are at no loss for expedients to meet with denial the evident inference from such of these statements as they do not deny.

This controversy leads to another, however, and that is, How and by what route is the polar region, open or closed, to be reached? If the ice is not penetrable, there can be little doubt of the superiority of sledging, which Franklin first suggested, and Parry first proved the utility of in 1827, and which has since accomplished the most that has been done in arctic discovery. And as to the route, we cannot find that the one by Behring's Straits has any prominent advocate unless it be Mr. Parker Snow, who was urging an expedition by that channel about the time that Dr. Hayes sailed, and combatting M'Clintock's somewhat complacent judgment that all hopes of finding further traces of Franklin had been put an end to by the results of the discoveries of the *Fox*. Dr. Petermann, whom the *Quarterly Reviewer* on this point also treats rather cavalierly, is the most prominent urger of an expedition by the Spitzbergen seas, and Dr. Hayes, in telling us that the Russian government were contemplating such an effort when the recent war in Bohemia suspended proceedings, gives such a scheme his confidence, believing that "the open sea and the north pole may be reached with steam vessels by pushing through the ice-belt to the west and north of Spitzbergen," and that, while Smith's Sound has his preference because of the temporary colonization (which may not now be true, it strikes us) at Port Foulke, the other route is not without some superior advantages.

The immediate renewal of Dr. Hayes's attempt by Smith's Sound with steam power was abandoned, it will be recollected, when the explorer came home in 1861 and found us at war among ourselves. He says in his book that his project is not abandoned, and he hopes soon to renew it. Meanwhile, and in great part for what he has already done, there is, no doubt, an increasing belief in the greater practicability of the approach by Smith's Sound. In 1860 *The Edinburgh Review* enlarged on the superior chance of success in the route from the north of Europe; in 1865 the *Quarterly Reviewer* sees nothing but unreason in its rival, and finds every superiority in the approach by the west of Greenland, and declares that a steamer sent to meet certain failure in the Spitzbergen packs would only shelve the subject for twenty years, and deprive the world of the benefit to be derived from the sanguine spirit now engendered by late success simply by its misdirection. The first suggestion of Smith's Sound as the point of ingress is due, it is said, to Admiral Wrangell, of the Russian service; its first explorations are credited, with praise, by the English authorities to Drs. Kane and Hayes. M'Clintock, whose name has, perhaps, the most glory of any of the living English adventurers, and whose six winters and ten summers in the circumpolar regions have given him an experience surpassed by none other, is said to favor this route and to desire to be on the ice-path in that direction once more. Captain Sherard Osborn is reported to be of a like way of thinking, and to have affirmed that there would be no lack of followers to brave once more its perils would the government but award them officers and vessels; and to this end, with Sir Roderic Murchison and others, there seems to be of late a determined agitation of the matter for the purpose of bringing the weight of public opinion to bear upon the Admiralty.

The question of the desirableness of further efforts is the controverted point between such and the British government. To the scientific plea of bettering our knowledge of physical geography, of geology, of natural history, of ethnology, of ocean currents, of the pendulum and trigonometrical observations, of the dip and variation of the magnetic needle—to all such pleas it is first denied that there is great opportunities for increasing our present knowledge; second, that what we may learn is of doubtful utility; and third, that it would not outweigh the loss of life and money that might be encountered. With this is mixed up a moral doubt of the right to tempt Providence any further, now that there is no longer any imprisoned mortals to release, since Franklin's fate and his men's are reasonably sure. When any heart-rending narrative is freshly brought forward men's sympathies revolt at the thought of a renewed effort. So it was when Dr. Hayes printed his narrative of his sufferings with the party that endeavored to reach the Danish settlements, when Dr. Kane determined to stand by the *Advance*, in 1854, and *The London Athenæum*, in reviewing his *Arctic Boat Journey*, which was professedly published for increasing Dr. Hayes's funds for his new expedition in 1860, felt constrained to doubt if it was right even to contribute by its purchase to a renewed attempt of exploration. Upon the return of M'Clintock's party there was, no doubt, a strong revulsion gaining ground, under the incentive of the sad tidings he brought home, against this hazarding of life for a doubtful gain, and some of the London journals, like *The Saturday Review*, sought to combat this downfall of courage, and, with some truth, paraded statistics to show that the loss of life was far less than often followed upon one of their squadron's summering on a torrid coast. Captain Osborn has recently computed that out of forty-two expeditions to the polar seas, between 1818 and 1854, only one hundred and twenty-eight men and two ships were lost; and Dr. Hayes in the book at hand takes occasion more than once to lessen the apprehensions of suffering which the reader may get worked upon to estimate too excessively. There is, no doubt, great cogeny in the representation that modern appliances of food and equipments have greatly diminished the chances of serious disaster; nevertheless, there is much depending upon a fortunate season, since a little schooner will not unfrequently push through a pack with slight impediment when a good steamer a few days later may encounter a month's delay and proportionate hardships. Experience and improvements in concentrated food enable the explorer now to push out his sled parties to double and treble the distance that Sir John Franklin could.

There is no aspect of arctic experience more wonderful, and there is no lack of literature to show it, since ten years ago it was reckoned there had been 130 expeditions, whose story had been narrated in 250 printed books and documents (150 of which were English),—more wonderful, we say, than the fascination that the pursuit of it seem to have for those engaged in it. The man who has once undergone its excitement and peril is rarely disposed to forego a second trial. When the Worshipful Company of Merchant Adventurers of Bristol sent out their little ship 230 years ago to explore the Northwest passage, Captain James, its commander, tells us that he was beset "by divers that had formerly been in places of the chief command in this action," desirous of going again. The story of Franklin's reply when it was intimated to him that the age of sixty years was rather old for such a task, "No, my lord, I am only fifty-nine," is well-known; but it is not perhaps so generally understood that he owed his appointment finally in a measure to the importunity of an old friend in his favor, who knew him so well that he told the Admiralty Sir John would never survive the disappointment were the command denied him. Captain Osborn speaks of the time when it was first decided to put the *Terror* and *Erebus* in commission for this service, and how eager the old arctic adventurers and even neophytes were to be of the favored crew. "We see them now," he says, "as with glistening eyes they prophesied their own success." All these narratives picture the disappointment of such as were denied the chance of hardship in the most perilous scouring. Dr. Hayes but repeats the story of those among his own followers. M'Clintock with his many years of this life is as eager to complete a coast-line on the charts as ever. Some of the most successful explorers have been old whaling captains inured to hardship for gain, and just as solicitous after years of such service at efforts for fame and science. Subordinates have invariably deemed leadership easily paid for in their turn by anything they might suffer. Parry longed to succeed Ross; M'Clintock graduated from extending subordinate service; and Kane and Hayes were both surgeons of the expeditions that preceded those to which their names will be permanent-

ly attached; but there is no end of citations to a like effect.

We have left but little room to speak of the book before us. Its chief interest has long been anticipated by the published results of Dr. Hayes's discoveries; but the recital still remains very readable; and though offering little or nothing new to any one who has been measurably versed in this arctic literature, it must have much attractiveness for the general reader and particularly for the younger class, who have grown almost to maturity since Sir John Franklin was lost. The book is on the whole well written. A slight tendency to fine writing, and an inopportune garnish of Grecian mythology, is offensive to correct taste at some points; but something more positive than taste is wronged when the writer persistently misuses the word "balance" in the sense of "remainder." That common blunder has been so often descanted upon that we wonder Dr. Hayes should be so remiss as to fall into it.

#### ANTONIUS.\*

FROM the notices we had seen of the author's previous work, *Herodias*, especially in such a serial as *The North American Review*, we had conceived expectations regarding this poem which were by no means destined to be fulfilled. Not that we deny the author the credit of very considerable poetic genius, nor of giving frequent proofs of vigor of thought and style, and much of that enthusiasm which, when restrained by good taste and judgment, is essential to poetry. But these excellences are marred by such defects as the following among others: 1, a too constant borrowing, almost literally translating, from Greek and Latin authors; 2, a frequent mixture and confusion of metaphors; 3, inaccuracy in that classical imagery and illustration in which the writer seems so greatly to delight; 4, improper usage of terms; 5, turgidity of language; and 6, a pandering to popularity by introducing what would, on the stage, be sure to draw down thunders of applause, but which is quite out of place in, and unworthy of, a poem of this character. These are the more serious defects of the work, and the fact of our thus noticing and now proceeding to prove them is sufficient to show that we believe the author to be endowed with no small share of the true poetic spirit, which induces us yet to predict for him the "*ce magna sonaturum*." As proofs of our first remark, we cite "Now comes Apollo from his eastern couch," *Homos*; "Whose countless silver helms fast disappear," *Antigone* of Sophocles, first choral ode; "rainy Jupiter," *Tibullus*, El. i. 7; "Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi,"—these are all on the first page. Page 15:

"While she was mine, or I believed her mine,  
I was more proud than any Eastern king."

This is more than an imitation of Horace's ode, iii. 9:

"Donec gratus eram tibi, etc.  
Persarum vigui rege beator."

These must suffice as examples of No. 1. Now to illustrate No. 2. On page 2 we find these lines:

ANT. "And still the ocean as a wearied god  
Or one who at a feast hath overstayed,  
Moves restless in its sleep, and often sighs."

KAL. It hath worked hard—

ANT. Indeed it worked itself  
Into a most destructive passion, leaped  
At heaven's throat, and on its haunches stood  
Till 'twere no wonder that its back were (?) broke  
With writhing."

Here we have metaphors or similes taken one from "a wearied god," the second from a "wearied [or worse] feaster," combined with a third from some peculiar kind of horse that "leaped at heaven's throat," etc. We have certainly known some horses that had an evil habit of biting, like the late Mr. Rarey's famous horse *Cruiser*, and there is a terrible disease to which horses are sometimes subject under whose influence they will bite fiercely—fatally, if not avoided—at their masters or grooms. Instances have been known when these were literally torn to pieces; but we did not know either that horses, as a class, had such a vicious habit, nor yet that "ocean" (not personified) could very well "stand on its haunches" while "leaping at heaven's throat." No. 3: On page 9 we find "hurled stones from catapults." Stones were not hurled from catapults, but from *ballistæ*, instruments of such power, as we learn from Josephus, as to throw large stones a quarter of a mile. These stones, as adapted to different ballistæ, varied from small weights up to those of three hundred weight. The catapult, on the contrary, was invariably used for throwing large masses of timber; nor can any proof be found to the contrary in any of the pure classical authors, though we are well aware the inaccurate and slovenly Diodorus Siculus appears sometimes to confound the terms.

\* *Antoniæ: A Dramatic Poem*. By J. C. Heywood. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.



(4.) At page 10, "My comrades all were so untimely quenched;" by the by, three lines above they had been "torn in pieces" by the waves, which again acted the part of tearing, trampling horses. At page 16 we have these lines:

"One bosom, mine alone, mine isles of bliss," etc.  
"Unto the alabaster temple domes," (!)  
"Upon thine isles of bliss," etc.

At page 23, "Horizon's bourne;" we object both to the use and spelling of the word "bourne." All are familiar with the passage in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*:

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns."

Although the word means a bound or limit, it is that bound to which some person or object tends, and is not used, as probably the original French *borne* was, synonymously with verge or edge. We may as well here object to putting such scriptural language as "small, still voice within," into the mouth of the Pagan Roman warrior Antonius (page 26); or, "I could myself almost become a Christian," into that of the *Druid* Alpendargo.

As to No. 5, two forcible illustrations have been already given of turgidity, literal and metaphorical, i. e., "isle of bliss," "alabaster temple domes." Had such terms been at all applicable to the bosom-charms of the loved lady described or apostrophized, she must have been of a grandeur and vastness of proportions before which both the ladies of Broddingnag and the goddesses of Olympus must have lowered their diminished heads. At page 11,

"The *agis* of my power I shall spread."

*Egis*, the terrible shield of Zeus and Pallas, is too lofty a term to be fitly used by one who was only, by his own statement, a villanous charlatan, working on popular superstition. It could only be appropriately used in connection with grand, sovereign sway.

As to No. 6, we must refer to pages 79-80, from "They're a senile race," etc., to "apparages which should be protected;" merely expressing our conviction that no cultivated and liberal American will do otherwise than disapprove of such an unbecoming attack upon the courage and character of our common forefathers. The proverb, though vulgar, is telling and true: "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest." At the same time we fully believe that, were this drama ever to be put on the stage, especially at any of our lower theatres, such a passage of *ad captandum*, claptrap, would be welcomed with thunders of applause from "the gods."

Having given what we deem ample proofs of the validity of our objections, and thus concluded the painful part of our duty, we revert with pleasure to our opening remarks in regard to the high powers of which the author has given proof, and which will, we believe, with care, study, self-restraint, and cultivation, yet raise for him a true title to the lofty name of poet. Let him carefully study Horace's *Epistle to the Pisos*, and bravely and faithfully observe the rules there laid down. We can only cite two charming passages of genuine heart-stirring poetry:

"The air is full of music, which the ear  
Can hear not, but the soul still feels; and light  
That fills the heart with gladness, all made up  
Of evening twilight, moonlight, light of dawn  
Together blending, as in music blend  
Sweet tones accordant, when they so unite  
That none can tell whose is the voice that soars  
In highest strains, nor whose the deepest moves.  
The streamlets in the lakes unite as souls  
In heaven; which is reflected from them all  
As from the face of an unbroken mirror."—P. 97.

The following passage, though somewhat open in a few points, especially the combination of heterogeneous images at lines 13, 14, to certain of our previous criticisms, is a very powerful poetical description of the arch traitor Kaliphilus, who reminds us not a little of the Egyptian Arabaces in Lord Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*:

"A curious animal!  
He hath a reptile's face, spite of his beauty;  
His voice repels me, though so sweetly sad.  
His eyes are those of an old man; they're deep,  
Ay, deep enough to mirror all a future.  
And in them burns no fitful flame of youth,  
But unvelled fire of full experience,  
Which shines therein, as in a lake's deep centre  
The troubled image of the midday sun.  
Upon their shores are haunts of disappointments;  
Of sorrows such as come at middle life.  
And signs of hopeless grief, which only live  
In age's wintry season; on his brow  
In darkening shades are gathering evening clouds,  
But still his head bears spring-like foliage.  
No frosts have fallen on his growing beard;  
In his complexion all the bloom of youth  
Vies with the overshadowing hues of health;  
Yet on his face are channels made alone  
By evening's deeply-flowing tide of thought.  
O'er his mouth an image dark of woe  
Enthroned sits, and never leaves its place;  
While sneers, the ghastly semblances of smiles,  
Are haunting the dark portals of his speech."

## LIBRARY TABLE.

*I. Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Petroleum V. Nasby. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1867.*  
*II. Singin' Round the Circle. By Petroleum V. Nasby. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.*—It would be useless to criticise, with reference to their intrinsic merit, productions which have taken such hold upon popular favor as these have done. Nast and Nasby have together done as effective service to the Republican party as any dozen of its newspapers or any score of its popular orators. Their names have been in every mouth and their works quoted or described in every Republican newspaper in the land. The style of fun in which Nasby deals is, whether we like it or not, that which is becoming universally recognized abroad as "American humor," and the enthusiasm with which it is received at home makes it difficult to deny that it is so. In his range of subject there is no originality; Petroleum V. Nasby would never have entertained his convictions or stated them as he has done had not Major Jack Downing and Birdofredum Sawin preceded him; but he was fortunate in having a subject which afforded such scope for satire as they were denied. The Democratic party had made itself as ridiculous as it was odious and contemptible; and that its absurdities might become glaring it was necessary to do little more than to put into the mouth of the disreputable Pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation its stock arguments on every political topic, and its threadbare clap-trap so long used with success to split the ears of the groundlings among whom it found the rank and file of its following. Of all this stuff Mr. Locke had the exhaustive knowledge of which absolute mastery can only be gained in the newspaper offices of a western or frontier state, and Nasby, as his incarnation of Democracy, discourses fluently of bastards, hirelings, minyuns, the scriptural sanction for slavery as once popularly received, the infamy of whatever can be made to bear the name of Ablishn, and, above all, he is thoroughly at home in the manipulation of local political machinery. In addition to all this is the newspaper man's knowledge of the vulnerable points of all our public men, and ample experience of the standard jokes to which the voting public never fails to respond uproariously, while he has, besides, unusual adroitness in discerning all the sharp pleasantries which are available for his purpose and in stating them with lavish compactness. From his skill in this art—for art it certainly is, of whatever grade—nothing could be happier than the few slangy sentences with which he conveys vivid impressions which the average partisan editor would labor to make feebly perceptible in a diffuse column. Nothing could be more conclusive that "the Dimekratik intellek isn't hefty enough" to acknowledge accepted facts than his statements of its actuating motives. His chief claims to party favor are, that "My fust vote I cast for that he old Dimekrat, Androo Jaxn. For him I voted twict, and I hev also voted for every Dimekratik candidate sence;" also, that he holds "that the Stait of Massachusits is ornery and cussed." The same general principle is illustrated by his experience of Pennsylvania Democracy—which, it is currently believed, still avails itself of each election to return majorities in certain counties for Andrew Jackson, for each and every office to be filled:

"I yost to go from Pennsylvania to the cappytie wunat a year to git my stock uv Dimocry recrooted, and to find out what we wuz expectid to bleeve doirin' the cumlin' year, thus gettin' full 6 months shed of my nabers. I wuz wunat electid gusht us the peese in Berks County by knoin' nearly a year in advance what we wuz to vote for that autum. They thot Nasby wuz a smart man."

Such foibles of Democratic leaders as are matter of notoriety he can employ with very fine effect. One of his many visions is of the entrance of disembodied souls into another life, which is made through a river that they must swim, while Satan and his cohorts on the banks superintend the passage. The experience of certain of the departed is as follows:

"Vallandigham came next. I was surprised to see no one make a motion at him, but he sunk all the same. 'We never waste effort,' sed Satan to me; 'he carries enough natural cussedness about him, all the time, to sink him, without pilin' any devilment on his shoulders wick is ten days old.'"

"Garret Davis went in, and to my surprise passed over safely. Nothin' wuz sung at him, for which I asked the reason. 'Why,' sed Satan, 'the poor old man isn't accountable. He commenced to talk many years ago, and keeps on talkin' because he really don't know where to stop. I could hev sunk him; but the fact is, I wouldn't endow what the Devil uv the Yooonted States hev hed to, for the past few years, for a dozen of Tombs lawyers. Besides this, I'm gettin' more from Kentucky now than I am really entitled to. I've a mortgage on two-thirds uv that State.'"

"Any quantity uv your party escaped me. Them fellows who are yet votin' for Jackson I'll never git, and the most uv them as sellas votes unscratched tickets will dodge me. Their innocence protects them. It takes a moditly smart man to be vishus enuff to come to me; he hev to hev sense enuff to distinguish between good and evil, cussedness enough to deliberately choose the latter, and brains enough to do outlin' startlin' in that line. Dan Voorhees, uv Ingony, hev all these qualities developed to a degree which excites my profound respect. Between him and Fernandy Wood it slip and tuck. Fernandy did wicked things with wondy neasts than Voorhees, but for a actual love uv doin' them Voorhees beats the world."

In other visions we have similar sketches: Garret Davis, for instance, in accordance with the propensity noted above, being desirous of making a speech at the Philadelphia convention, "a hall wuz hired for him in another part uv the city, and fifty or sixty German emigrants" decoyed to act as audience, for whom "five kegs uv lager-beer had been rolled in the hall, and most uv 'em stayed seven hours and a half." So we have Secretary Welles—Nast's picture of whom (p. 185) is perhaps his best contribution to the book—explaining to the dreaming Nasby the appointments in the royal court of Androo the I.: "He hed charge uv the royal poultry-yard, a position which he bieved he filled to the entire satisfaction uv his biloved and royal master. He hed now four hens a settin, each on four eggs, and he hoped in the course

uv two years, ef there wuz no adverse circumstances, to hev fresh eggs for the royal table." It wuz a position uv great responsibility, and one wick weighed upon him." His best sketches in this vein are undoubtedly those of the President and the Secretary of State, while on their memorable electioneering tour, which Nasby accompanies as "Chaplin to the expeditshn," receiving for his services "mileage and sich." We have not space to quote from the earlier portions of the progress; at Louisville, Ky., however, the reception differed from those which had preceded it, and—

"His Imperial Majesty, who wuz in a eggshent condition to make crowds large enough, remarked to me as we wuz ridin' through the streets: 'Siden 'splay! Mor'n ten, 'nored sennasand people—mor'n ten million people—mor'n ten 'nored sennasand million people—and allavum 'sporteders my policy. 'Rah fur me!'"

At Cincinnati one of the President's admirers remonstrated with him for the sameness in his speeches and asks for variety:

"His Regalency asked him how there could be more variety. 'At Cincinnati,' sed he, 'I observed the followin' order:

"1. I sawin' around the circle.  
"2. I asked who was the Saviour of I wuz Joodis Iskarlot!  
"3. I left the Constitution, the 36 States, and the flag with 36 stars onto it, in their hands."

"Now, at Columbus, I sheld vary it thally:

"1. The Constitution, flag and stars.  
"2. The Joodis Iskarlot biznis.  
"3. Swingin' around the circle.  
"4. Constitution, flag, and stars."

"At Stooberville, agin, ez follows:

"1. Joodis Iskarlot.  
"2. Swingin' around the circle.  
"3. Constitution, flag, and stars."

"And so on. It's susceptible of many changes. I thot uv that when I writ that speech, and divided it up into sections on purpose."

We have not yet heard the last of the famous speech, for at the Cleveland convention Nasby is button-holed by an enthusiastic office-seeker:

"An ef I accept the Post Office in my native village,—which I hev bin sollicitid so strongly to take that I hev finally yielded,—I do it only that I may devote my few remainin' energies wholly to the great cause uv restorin' the 36 States to their normal positions under the flag with 36 stars onto it, in spite uv the Joodis Iskarlots wick, ef I am whoom, wat is the Saviour, and—where is—"

At which point Nasby, perceiving the unfortunate man to be entangled in the President's speech, "and knowin' his intellek wuzn't hefty enough to git it off jist as it wuz originally delivered," considerably throttles him.

It would require more space than we can afford it to exemplify Nasby's suggestive delineations of the peculiar institution and of the workings of mass meetings and conventions. We may also be pardoned that we reproduce none of the frequent instances in which his universal coarseness degenerates into the disgusting and loathsome, and hardly less frequently into the most offensive and blasphemous allusions and parodies of Scripture. It should be remembered, however, by all whom the keen satire of the book enables to disregard these offensive characteristics, that in the ardor of partisanship all these breaches of decency were accepted eagerly by journals and by a public whose fastidious propriety would have discerned the full enormity of such weapons had they been employed against them. On the other hand, in Mr. Locke's excuse, it must be considered that the papers were written *currente calamo*, to meet the exigencies of a newspaper which was expected, on the occurrence of every notable event, to contain a letter from Nasby, and that, by the nature of the case, they were meant for ephemeral effect, not for deliberate examination, and should, therefore, never have been enabled to disgust and surfeit as a book full of such productions inevitably must. For this reason it would be unfair to dwell upon glaring incongruities in spelling, sentiments out of keeping with the speaker, allusions of which a Copperhead of his grade would be incapable, German and Irish slang and the mannerisms of Artemus Ward—all of which, no doubt, a more deliberate preparation would have eliminated. Perhaps his greatest mistake is in having resorted to the detestable cacography in which, by a popular delusion, fun is supposed to inhere. This he seems to have discovered, and his more recent letters, those contained in *Singin' Round the Circle*—which, by the way, is the much more creditable of the books—retain in great measure the phonetic system only as a means of conveying the dialect of the vulgar: the diction, in fact, becomes more of the style of Yellowplush and Higlow than of K. N. Pepper and the chambermaids' weeklies. The whole Nasby order of literature, we need scarcely say, is one for which we have little respect; it is, nevertheless, that which is found to gain the most readers, and is, therefore, the most available for the purposes these letters were meant to subserve. Of their success, aside from the question of popularity, it is only fair to say that we know of no instance in which extreme partisanship has been more successful in bringing into merited contempt the tenets and practices of hostile extremists by putting upon them the extravagant interpretations he desires to have popularly attributed to his opponents. Nasby's satire, nevertheless, is a two-edged sword that calls to mind Good George Herbert's caution, "Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer." The blows meant for the demolition of the Democratic party seem to us to constitute as severe an assault as could be devised upon the republicanism they were designed to defend.

*Advice to the Officers of the British Army. A Facsimile Reprint of the Sixth London Edition. With introduction and notes. New York: Agathynian Club. 1867.*—Like the Nasby books a work of the keenest irony, this resembles them in nothing else. The difference is that of the ladies of Billingsgate market and Dean Swift. Pamphlets, speeches, editorials, and quarterly review articles might have been poured upon army abuses and corruptions without materially disturbing the serenity of those who thrived by them; but it is hard to imagine any of the offenders reading this delineation of their irregularities without writhing under the exposure. The elegance of the writer's smooth sarcasm is as exqui-



alte as his knowledge of his subject was thorough. His preface gives the clue to his scheme. Acknowledging the futility of previous attempts at reform, he proceeds to ask (the italics are our own):

"Does the author flatter himself that he possesses more powers of persuasion than his brethren? No. But he has discovered the sole reason why other advisers have been so little attended to: namely, because they have laid down a line of conduct in direct opposition to the inclination of their readers. Now, he has pursued a very different method; he endeavored to reason his admittance to their appetites; and though he cannot expect to have many readers, he doubts not but that his precepts and maxims will have more followers than those of Socrates or Epictetus, or any other moralist who has undertaken the arduous task of reforming mankind."

In explanation of which we quote from the chapter addressed to commanders-in-chief:

"You have heard that secrecy is one of the first requisites in a commander. In order, therefore, to get a name for this great military virtue, you must always be silent and sullen, particularly at your own table; and I would advise you to secure your secrets the more effectually, by depositing them in the safest place you can think of; as, for instance, in the breast of your wife or mistress. Ignorance of your profession is likewise best concealed by solemnity and silence, which pass for profound knowledge upon the generality of mankind. A proper attention to these, together with extreme severity, particularly in trifles, will soon procure you the character of a good officer."

These admirable counsels, which, in successive chapters, address every grade from commander to private, ought to be adopted by special instructions from the Secretary of War as a text-book at West Point. More ruthless, searching sarcasm we have never seen; and the hundred and twenty fortunate possessors of the Agathynian Club's dainty fac-simile may congratulate themselves as much upon the refined raillery and polished wit of Captain Grose—apparently as extinct as its author—as upon the sumptuous workmanship of the Bradstreet Press.

*Ingemisco. By Fadette. New York: Block & Co. 1867.*—That the authoress of this book is gifted with a vivid imagination, considerable power in conceiving and depicting emotion, and a sympathetic appreciation of much that is lofty and beautiful in nature, is undeniable; but her descriptions are exaggerated, her language inflated, and her story unartistically put together. With excellent perceptive faculties, and fertility of invention, and a playful fancy which never descends to vulgarity, the writer exhibits a want of cultivation and of thoughtful and persistent study which is indispensable to the achievement of success even in this department of letters. This is particularly remarkable in the earlier chapters of the book, but as the story increases in interest and draws towards a close the writer gradually becomes more natural, throws aside her high-flown affectations, and gives abundant proof of a capacity—with industry and application—to improve the talent of which she is undoubtedly possessed.

In the first chapter we are introduced to the heroine, Margaret Ross, and a young gentleman, Harry May, to whom she is betrothed. Of course she is adorned with every attribute of real and ideal beauty, while the description of the lover is puzzling beyond conception.

"You sigh, Margaret," he had said, with a wistful glance in the bright blue eyes fixed upon her while she had stood rapt in reverie, her gaze afar—her bowing his fair young noble head, among the clustering curls of which one looked for the helmet's imprint."

In our limited experience we have never before noted this distinguishing mark of nobility, of which, however, if it be one, the ranks of the Life Guards will furnish abundant evidences.

"So did the innate knightly spirit stamped on handsome, glowing face and lithe and hardy figure revert from the carpet knights of modern chivalry to the golden days of old, when the worshiped gold was a lady's sunny tress—ere yet the 'almighty dollar' had usurped the throne."

"Did I sigh?" she returned softly. "It must be that looking up here, where

"Nature's heart Beats strong among the hills."

one feels a pulsation of those lofty heart-throbs, an aspiration—a vague yearning after far heights to which few of us are strong to attain, mountain tops of the soul, whence those who dare gain them look down upon the clouds that lie along yonder low horizon!" And she pointed to a dark drift bearing heavily down through a gap in the mountains, while on the heights above the sunset glory rested yet. Her companion kept an instant's moody silence.

We can scarcely wonder that he did—the marvel is that he should have the courage to break it. It is not impossible, though highly improbable, that young ladies should discourse upon ordinary topics in the exaggerated language of sentimental dramatic heroines, but we must confess to a weakness for young women who are a degree less sophisticated than Margaret appears to be at the beginning of the story, and acknowledge our gratitude to the authoress for not keeping up this sort of nonsense when the more serious business of life requires the heroine to be natural as well as earnest. The scene of the story is laid principally in the village of Lowerz, where Mr. Ross, his wife and daughters, and other English and foreign friends, make up a pleasant party, occasionally going off on excursions in the neighborhood. One day Margaret goes alone with a Swiss servant girl for the purpose of making a purchase at a neighboring village, leaving her friends to make a trip to Zug. She is overtaken by one of those terrible storms so frequent in these regions, and, losing her way, she wanders into the recesses of the mountains until she comes to a ravine across which a huge tree has fallen, forming a sort of bridge.

"Fearless, thoughtless of her own danger, she passed over—one instant and she would have stood in safety on the further side. One instant a terrific crash of thunder reverberated far and wide—a knell of doom through all those deep-voiced caves—and the lightning dazzled Margaret's eyes. She staggered and missed her footing. Down, down she fell—oh, the lifetime of that second!—till the broken trunk of a tree, jutting out from the cruel precipice, caught her heavy riding skirt, holding her back from that bridgeless chasm of eternity."

"Suspended far above the abyss, a moment passed ere she could collect her scattered senses and realize her situation. The next, with quick presence of mind, she swung gently to and fro until she succeeded in placing her foot upon a crevice in the cliff below, and then raised herself with difficulty to a half-sitting, half-crouching position upon the decaying trunk."

From this dangerous situation she is rescued by the efforts of a stranger who opportunely appears upon "the rock beyond the ravine." The stranger takes her to a cave which is providentially stored with provisions, here Margaret recovers from the effects of her accident, and after a hearty meal he conveys her to his own castle and sends to inform her father of her safety. Mr. Ross arrives at the castle, remains for a short season the guest of its owner—whose name is Count Zakliewski—and then they all repair to Lowerz. As a natural consequence, Margaret and the Count fall in love with each other, but her promise has been given to her father that she will marry Harry May, and she informs the Count of her engagement. Mr. Ross and Harry go on a hunting expedition, and after a few days' absence the latter returns alone and tells Margaret of her father's death. How this sad event occurred we do not know, but the promise made to her father is now more than ever binding upon Margaret, and in a long interview with the Count, in which she takes leave of him for ever, she for the first time acknowledges her love, and parts from him to meet no more. An accident causes her return to the spot where he still stood, he utters her name, and she throws herself into his arms:

"My darling, you have come back to me."

"As one awakening from a dream, she started. She shivered, and her eyes unclosed with a wild and troubled gaze upon him."

"I had forgotten—I had forgotten—oh, my father, forgive me!" she moaned, struggling to free herself.

"My Margaret, you would not leave me?"

"He withdrew his arms. She trembled before the angry flash upon his brow, the relentless fire in his eyes. His nostrils dilated, and his mouth was rigid when he spoke. The words, hardly louder than a whisper, were yet terribly distinct:

"We are parted no more. I swear it. You go hence with me as my wife, if you will. Give me your word of honor to ride with me now to Schwyz, to marry me there this morning, rescue or no rescue. Refuse, and what eye shall trace your way through these mountains to my castle in Zug—what ear hear your cry for aid—what arm tear you from me there?"

The threat had the desired effect, and Margaret accompanies him to the church, where they are married.

This and other improbable events are supposed to occur afterwards in the story, which grows in interest towards the close despite its incongruity and want of finish.

There are several pretty little legends told by divers persons, relating to the places visited by the travellers, which serve to give variety to the book, and which are very pleasantly narrated. As a whole, *Ingemisco* contains so much that gives promise of future excellence that we hope the authoress will not shrink from that steadfast and patient toil which alone can ensure her in the sequel that enviable position to which, no doubt, she aspires.

*The Village on the Cliff: A novel. By Miss Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.*—We are somewhat disappointed in Miss Thackeray. *The Story of Elizabeth* was charming, and we had hoped to find *The Village on the Cliff* equally so; but it certainly is not.

The faults which we attribute to inexperience in a first attempt, must when they appear in a second be set down to want of capacity or want of care. We think in this instance it is the latter, for despite many defects the story shows talent in certain directions. The descriptions of the scenery and population of Pettipport are admirable. The romantic dulness of the little French village and the simple fussiness of its inhabitants are clearly and sharply sketched, and so is the more conventional life in London; although it is more especially in the earlier portion of the book, while the scene transpires in that smoky city, that we think Miss Thackeray most signally fails to interest. The story holds the characters together too loosely to give any sense of reality; there is a certain fogginess—perhaps of the atmosphere—and we dimly wonder why these people wander to and fro across the British Channel. Miss Thackeray's style sometimes helps to create bewilderment in the reader's mind. She writes beautiful English, for which we thank her; but sometimes she indulges in paragraphs of such long sentences, so crammed with observation, so full of reflections, that we get perfectly breathless, and long for a full stop. The English characters are commonplace. Dick Butler might have become interesting if more fully developed by the action of the story; and the little English governess only awakens our regards when we get across the Channel and the fog clears off. She is at best but a little doll, who fell in love with Dick in an entirely unprovoked manner. Reine is a more ambitious attempt. Noble by her mother's side, she lives on a farm with her only living relation, who is almost imbecile, and manages all the business affairs, working with her own hands. She grows sick, and is alternately proud and humble, torturing herself and Dick, who has fallen in love with her, by doubting the possibility of his loving one in her position. She is an original character, and intended to be strong; but her vacillations are too abruptly presented to the reader to allow any impression of strength to remain. M. Fontaine, the *maître* of Pettipport, and his house, and his elderly relatives, with their dreary pleasures and minute economies, are capital bits of description. M. Fontaine himself, with his inexpressibly tedious habit of making set speeches, his tender heart, and his adoration for the little governess who marries him, his unconsciousness of what she suffers from his peculiarities, his baize apron, his feather duster, and his cornet, and, after all, his noble death while trying to save some drowning sailors, is a most natural, touching, and withal truly French picture; and we cannot help taking it as an evidence that Miss Thackeray has not as yet done herself justice, but that with her delicate penetration, sense of humor, and command of language, it only requires a more vigorous effort on her part to enable her to create a fiction more worthy of the name she bears than is *The Village on the Cliff*.

*War Poems. By Elbridge Jefferson Cutler. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.*—This little volume, the produc-

tion of Professor Cutler, of Harvard University, exhibits in a considerable degree the valuable poetic qualities of imagination, taste, and elegance. We deprecate in general either poetic or other effusions, whether they emanate from the North or South, which are calculated to keep alive resentment and perpetuate bitter memories; but this is assuredly no reason why we should not attempt to do justice, as far as we are able, to literary merit, let it come whence it may and treat what it will. In this spirit we are led to record the opinion that the poems before us evince, in Paris, a high order of merit and the possession of powers which may well produce something still more excellent and substantial. Two or three of these pieces will not readily be forgotten, and all are above an average which usually elicits thoughtful praise. The volume is published in a style of commendable elegance.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

*The London Quarterly Review* for January has appeared in its American form and contains articles of customary solidity and some of unusual interest. The first paper, *Charles Lamb and Some of his Companions*, will be much relished, being an ostensible review of Talfourd's *Final Memorials* of the essayist and of Mr. Procter's more recent memoir. The article called *Crime in the State*, our Prison Association, and, after a temperate discussion of its developments, concludes with the following ar<sup>y</sup> a mary:

"But whatever course events may take in the United States (and we earnestly desire that it may be happy and successful for the American nation), we may ourselves gather from their experience a lesson which it would be madness to neglect. That lesson is *caution in making organic changes*; a lesson which, happily for us, falls in with the sedate and practical character of the British people. Would any—the most democratic among us—exchange our regulated freedom for such unchecked license of depredation—in truth, such a reign of terror as prevails in the rural districts of what may almost be termed the Metropolitan State of the Union?"

The article on *Yankee Humor* is appreciative and cordial, and touches upon, among others, the writings of Geo. Wm. Curtis, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Saxe, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe; besides mentioning in the title, at least, the humorists who are known as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Nasby, and John Phoenix. The last—the late Lieut. Derby, U.S.A.—who was really funnier than any of the other pseudonymous caricaturists, gets no credit beyond the naming of his book. *English Democracy and Irish Fenianism* has interest for this side of the ocean. We by no means endorse all of its conclusions, but many of them it is impossible not to accept. It will be well for the worthy people who have been displeased by recent political articles in THE ROUND TABLE to read this particular paper of *English Democracy*, etc., with close attention. The remaining five papers which make up the review are, each in its way, vigorous and readable.

Miss Braddon's *Belgravia*, of which the February number completes the first volume, has shown that it is to be a readable collection of the very lightest order of light literature. Of the editor's serial contribution, which is the main stay, we need say little, as its reprint in this country keeps pace with its appearance abroad; it is a novel which no one can commence without desiring to follow it to its close, and one which awakens constant surprise that a writer so entirely without humor as Miss Braddon can interest so strongly. The want of humor, in fact, pervades the magazine, although Mr. G. A. Sala is writing about streets and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has a pleasant article on *Private Theatricals*, while the third of the *Belgravian Prose Ballads*—which have been rather an abortive attempt at social satire—is a marked improvement on its predecessors, especially in its name, which is quite happy—*Honeymoonshine*. It is impossible to be enthusiastic about either the poetry or the illustrations; some of the latter are good, but quite as many extraordinarily ill-done—one which represents a high-bred young lady cutting her adorer being apparently modelled upon the manner in which a chambermaid would perform that operation and being only praiseworthy in the execution of the background, the lady's silk dress, and the gentleman's shiny hat. Thanks to the paste-pot publications, the public is tolerably familiar with the reading matter of *Belgravia*, which seems to be remarkably well appreciated.

In speaking of the juvenile periodicals last month we ventured the prediction that *The Riverside*, with its advantages in form and mechanical execution, needed only to overcome the difficulties incident to early numbers and to get well to work in order to compare advantageously with *Our Young Folks*. It has done so earlier than we anticipated, for we imagine no one could compare the March issues without awarding the preference decidedly to the younger monthly. In the frontispieces the contrast is marked,—Mr. H. L. Stephens furnishing for *The Riverside* an admirable illustration of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," while in *Our Young Folks*, Mr. A. Hoppin's picture of "Our Baby" is by no means creditable to artist or engraver and would not be so even to a publication of a much inferior grade. Otherwise, *The Riverside* addresses youngsters rather older than the clientele of its rival, mingling useful instruction with some capital stories which school-going boys will find especially attractive. The gem of the number is *Ainslee*, an admirably natural story of a mischief-seeking six-year-old by Helen C. Weeks; *Our Young Folks*, however, has a monkey story by L. D. Nichols so good that it is difficult to award the preference to either; then the serial in the latter, *Round the World Joe*, introduces such impossibly smart and epigrammatic boys and is otherwise so strained in its humor that it falls far short of the boarding school stories that *Vieux Moustache*—whoever he may be—is giving each month; while, on the other hand, the Boston monthly opens with a really humorous poem by Mr. Trowbridge, on *Darius Green and his Flying Machine*, beside which *The Riverside's* rhymed *Battle of*



(4.) At page 10, "My comrades all were so untimely quenched;" by the by, three lines above they had been "torn in pieces" by the waves, which again acted the part of tearing, trampling horses. At page 16 we have these lines:

"One bosom, mine alone, mine isles of bliss," etc.  
"Unto the alabaster temple domes." (!!)  
"Upon thine isles of bliss," etc.

At page 22, "Horizon's bourne;" we object both to the use and spelling of the word "bourne." All are familiar with the passage in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*:

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne No traveller returns."

Although the word means a bound or limit, it is that bound to which some person or object tends, and is not used, as probably the original French *borne* was, synonymously with verge or edge. We may as well here object to putting such scriptural language as "small, still voice within," into the mouth of the Pagan Roman warrior Antonius (page 20); or, "I could myself almost become a Christian," into that of the Druid Alpendargo.

As to No. 5, two forcible illustrations have been already given of turgidity, literal and metaphorical, i. e., "isle of bliss," "alabaster temple domes." Had such terms been at all applicable to the bosom-charms of the loved lady described or apostrophized, she must have been of a grandeur and vastness of proportions before which both the ladies of Broddingnag and the goddesses of Olympus must have lowered their diminished heads. At page 11,

"The agis of my power I shall spread."

*Egis*, the terrible shield of Zeus and Pallas, is too lofty a term to be fitly used by one who was only, by his own statement, a villanous charlatan, working on popular superstition. It could only be appropriately used in connection with grand, sovereign sway.

As to No. 6; we must refer to pages 79-80, from "They're a senile race," etc., to "appanages which should be protected;" merely expressing our conviction that no cultivated and liberal American will do otherwise than disapprove of such an unbecoming attack upon the courage and character of our common forefathers. The proverb, though vulgar, is telling and true: "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest." At the same time we fully believe that, were this drama ever to be put on the stage, especially at any of our lower theatres, such a passage of *ad captandum*, claptrap, would be welcomed with thunders of applause from "the gods."

Having given what we deem ample proofs of the validity of our objections, and thus concluded the painful part of our duty, we revert with pleasure to our opening remarks in regard to the high powers of which the author has given proof, and which will, we believe, with care, study, self-restraint, and cultivation, yet raise for him a true title to the lofty name of poet. Let him carefully study Horace's *Epistle to the Pisos*, and bravely and faithfully observe the rules there laid down. We can only cite two charming passages of genuine heart-stirring poetry:

"The air is full of music, which the ear  
Can hear not, but the soul still feels; and light  
That fills the heart with gladness, all made up  
Of evening twilight, moonlight, light of dawn  
Together blending, as in music blend  
Sweet tones accordant, when they so unite  
That none can tell whose is the voice that soars  
In highest strains, nor whose the deepest moves.  
The streamlets in the lakes unite as souls  
In heaven; which is reflected from them all  
As from the face of an unbroken mirror."—P. 97.

The following passage, though somewhat open in a few points, especially the combination of heterogeneous images at lines 13, 14, to certain of our previous criticisms, is a very powerful poetical description of the arch traitor Kaliphilus, who reminds us not a little of the Egyptian Arabces in Lord Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*:

"A curious animal!  
He hath a traitor's face, spite of his beauty;  
His voice repels me, though so sweetly sad.  
His eyes are those of an old man; they're deep,  
Ay, deep enough to mirror all a future.  
And in them burns no fitful flame of youth,  
But unveiled fire of full experience,  
Which shines therein, as in a lake's deep centre  
The troubled image of the midday sun.  
Upon their shores are haunts of disappointments;  
Of sorrows such as come at middle life.  
And signs of hopeless grief, which only live  
In age's wintry season; on his brow  
In darkening shades are gathering evening clouds,  
But still his head bears spring-like foliage.  
No frosts have fallen on his growing beard;  
In his complexion all the bloom of youth  
Vies with the overshadowing hues of health;  
Yet on his face are channels made alone  
By evening's deeply-flowing tide of thought.  
And o'er his mouth an image dark of woe  
Enthroned sits, and never leaves its place;  
While sneers, the ghastly semblances of smiles,  
Are haunting the dark portals of his speech."

## LIBRARY TABLE.

*I. Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Petroleum V. Nasby. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1867.*

*II. Singsin Round the Circle. By Petroleum V. Nasby. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.*—It would be useless to criticise, with reference to their intrinsic merit, productions which have taken such hold upon popular favor as these have done. Nast and Nasby have together done as effective service to the Republican party as any dozen of its newspapers or any score of its popular orators. Their names have been in every mouth and their works quoted or described in every Republican newspaper in the land. The style of fun in which Nasby deals is, whether we like it or not, that which is becoming universally recognized abroad as "American humor," and the enthusiasm with which it is received at home makes it difficult to deny that it is so. In his range of subject there is no originality; Petroleum V. Nasby would never have entertained his convictions or stated them as he has done had not Major Jack Downing and Birdofredum Hawin preceded him; but he was fortunate in having a subject which afforded such scope for satire as they were denied. The Democratic party had made itself as ridiculous as it was odious and contemptible; and that its absurdities might become glaring it was necessary to do little more than to put into the mouth of the disreputable Pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation its stock arguments on every political topic, and its threadbare clap-trap so long used with success to split the ears of the groundlings among whom it found the rank and file of its following. Of all this stuff Mr. Locke had the exhaustive knowledge of which absolute mastery can only be gained in the newspaper offices of a western or frontier state, and Nasby, as his incarnation of Democracy, discourses fluently of bastards, hirelings, minyuns, the scriptural sanction for slavery as once popularly received, the infamy of whatever can be made to bear the name of Ablishin, and, above all, he is thoroughly at home in the manipulation of local political machinery. In addition to all this is the newspaper man's knowledge of the vulnerable points of all our public men, and ample experience of the standard jokes to which the voting public never fails to respond uproariously, while he has, besides, unusual adroitness in discerning all the sharp pleasanties which are available for his purpose and in stating them with lavish compactness. From his skill in this art—for art it certainly is, of whatever grade—nothing could be happier than the few slangy sentences with which he conveys vivid impressions which the average partisan editor would labor to make feebly perceptible in a diffuse column. Nothing could be more conclusive that "the Dimekratik intellex isn't hefty enough" to acknowledge accepted facts than his statements of its actuating motives. His chief claims to party favor are, that "My fast vote I cast for that he old Dimekrat, Androo Jaxn." For him I voted twit, and I hev also voted for every Dimekratik candidate since; also, that he holds "that the Stait of Massachusits is ornery and cussed." The same general principle is illustrated by his experience of Pennsylvania Democracy—which, it is currently believed, still avails itself of each election to return majorities in certain counties for Andrew Jackson, for each and every office to be filled:

"I goot to go from Pennsylvany to the capytile wunat a year to git my stock uv Dimecrisy recrooted, and to find out what we wuz expectid to bleeve doirin' the cumin' year, thus gettin' full 6 months ahead of my nabers. I wuz wunat electid gushts uv the peese in Berks County by knoin' nearly a year in advance what we wuz to vote for that autum. They thot Nasby wuz a smart man."

Such foibles of Democratic leaders as are matter of notoriety he can employ with very fine effect. One of his many visions is of the entrance of disembodied souls into another life, which is made through a river that they must swim, while Satan and his cohorts on the banks superintend the passage. The experience of certain of the departed is as follows:

"Vallandigham came next. I was surprised to see no one make a motion at him, but he sunk all the same. 'We never waste effort,' sed Satan to me; 'he carries enough natural cussedness about him, all the time, to sink him, without pilin' any devilment on his shoulders wich is ten days old.'"

"Garret Davis went in, and to my surprise passed over safely. Nothin' wuz flung at him, for wich I asked the reason. 'Why,' sed Satan, 'the poor old man isn't accountable. He commenced to talk many years ago, and keeps on talkin' because he really don't know where to stop. I could hev sunk him; but the fact is, I wouldn't endow what the Senit uv the Yoonited States hez hed to, for the past few years, for a dozen of Tomba lawyers. Besides this, I'm gettin' more from Kentucky now than I am really entitled to. I've a mortgage on two-thirds uv that State.'"

"Any quantity uv your party escaped me. Them fellows who are yet votin' for Jackson I'll never git, and the most uv them es alluv votes unscribed tickets will dodge me. Their innocence protects them. It takes a modritly smart man to be vishus enuff to come to me; he hez to hev sense enuff to distinguish between good and evil, cussedness enough to deliberately choose the latter, and brains enough to do sublin' startlin' in that line. Dan Voorhees, uv Ingany, hez all these qualites developed to a degree wich excites my profound respect. Between him and Fernandy Wood its nip and tuck. Fernandy did wicked things with more neatness than Voorhees, but for a actual love uv doin' them Voorhees beats the world."

In other visions we have similar sketches: Garret Davis, for instance, in accordance with the propensity noted above, being desirous of making a speech at the Philadelphia convention, "a hall wuz hired for him in another part uv the city, and fifty or sixty German emigrants" decoyed to act as audience, for whom "five kegs uv lager-beer had been rolled in the hall, and most uv 'em stayed seven hours and a half." So we have Secretary Welles—Nast's picture of whom (p. 185) is perhaps his best contribution to the book—explaining to the dreaming Nasby the appointments in the royal court of Androo the I.: "He hed charge uv the royal poultry-yard, a position which he bieved he filled to the entire satisfaction uv his biloved and royal master. He hed now four hens a settin, each on four eggs, and he hoped in the course

uv two years, ef there wuz no adverse circumstances, to hev fresh eggs for the royal table. It wuz a position uv great responsibility, and one wich weighed upon him." His best sketches in this vein are undoubtedly those of the President and the Secretary of State, while on their memorable electioneering tour, which Nasby accompanies as "Chaplin to the expedishn," receiving for his services "mileage and sich." We have not space to quote from the earlier portions of the progress; at Louisville, Ky., however, the reception differed from those which had preceded it, and—

"His Imperial Magisty, who wuz in a eggulent condition to make crowds large enough, remarked to me as we wuz ridin' through the streets: 'Splen' play! 'Mor'n ten 'uared sounsed people—mor'n ten million people—mor'n ten 'uared sounsed million people—and alluvum 'sporters my policy. 'Rah for me!'"

At Cincinnati one of the President's admirers remonstrated with him for the sameness in his speeches and asks for variety:

"His Regalency asked him how there *could* be more variety. 'At Cincinnati,' sed he, 'I observed the followin' order:

"1. I swung around the circle.  
"2. I asked who was the Saviour ef I wuz Joodis Iskarlot?  
"3. I left the Constitution, the 36 States, and the flag with 36 stars onto it, in their hands."

"Now, at Columbus, I shel vary it thusly:

"1. The Constitution, flag and stars.  
"2. The Joodis Iskarlot bizula.  
"3. Swingin' around the circle.  
"At Brookville, agin, ez follows:

"1. Joodis Iskarlot.  
"2. Swingin' around the circle.  
"3. Constitution, flag, and stars."

"And so on. It's susceptible of many changes. I thot uv that when I writ that speech, and divided it up into sections on purpose."

We have not yet heard the last of the famous speech, for at the Cleveland convention Nasby is button-holed by an enthusiastic office-seeker:

"An ef I accept the Post Office in my native village,—wich I hev bin sollicitid so strongly to take that I hev finally yielded,—I do it only that I may devote my few remainin' energies wholly to the great cause uv restorin' the 36 States to their normal position under the flag with 36 stars onto it, in spite uv the Joodis Iskarlotis wich, ef I am wicoom, wat is the Saviour, and—where is—"

At which point Nasby, perceiving the unfortunate man to be entangled in the President's speech, "and knowin' his intellex wuzn't hefty enough to git it off jist as it wuz originally delivered," considerably throttles him.

It would require more space than we can afford it to exemplify Nasby's suggestive delineations of the peculiar institution and of the workings of mass meetings and conventions. We may also be pardoned that we reproduce none of the frequent instances in which his universal coarseness degenerates into the disgusting and loathsome, and hardly less frequently into the most offensive and blasphemous allusions and parodies of Scripture. It should be remembered, however, by all whom the keen satire of the book enables to disregard these offensive characteristics, that in the ardor of partisanship all these breaches of decency were accepted eagerly by journals and by a public whose fastidious propriety would have discerned the full enormity of such weapons had they been employed against them. On the other hand, in Mr. Locke's excuse, it must be considered that the papers were written *currente calamo*, to meet the exigencies of a newspaper which was expected, on the occurrence of every notable event, to contain a letter from Nasby, and that, by the nature of the case, they were meant for ephemeral effect, not for deliberate examination, and should, therefore, never have been enabled to disgust and surfeit as a book full of such productions inevitably must. For this reason it would be unfair to dwell upon glaring incongruities in spelling, sentiments out of keeping with the speaker, allusions of which a Copperhead of his grade would be incapable, German and Irish slang and the mannerisms of Artemus Ward—all of which, no doubt, a more deliberate preparation would have eliminated. Perhaps his greatest mistake is in having resorted to the detestable cacography in which, by a popular delusion, fun is supposed to inhere. This he seems to have discovered, and his more recent letters, those contained in *Singsin Round the Circle*—which, by the way, is the much more creditable of the books—retain in great measure the phonetic system only as a means of conveying the dialect of the vulgar: the dialect, in fact, becomes more of the style of Yellowplush and Biglow than of K. N. Pepper and the chambermaids' weeklies. The whole Nasby order of literature, we need scarcely say, is one for which we have little respect; it is, nevertheless, that which is found to gain the most readers, and is, therefore, the most available for the purposes these letters were meant to subserve. Of their success, aside from the question of popularity, it is only fair to say that we know of no instance in which one extreme partisan has been more successful in bringing into merited contempt the tenets and practices of hostile extremists by putting upon them the extravagant interpretations he desires to have popularly attributed to his opponents. Nasby's satire, nevertheless, is a two-edged sword that calls to mind Good George Herbert's caution, "Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer." The blows meant for the demolition of the Democratic party seem to us to constitute as severe an assault as could be devised upon the republicanism they were designed to defend.

*Advice to the Officers of the British Army. A Facsimile Reprint of the Sixth London Edition. With introduction and notes. New York: Agathynian Club. 1867.*—Like the Nasby books a work of the keenest irony, this resembles them in nothing else. The difference is that of the ladies of Billingsgate market and Dean Swift. Pamphlets, speeches, editorials, and quarterly review articles might have been poured upon army abuses and corruptions without materially disturbing the serenity of those who thrived by them; but it is hard to imagine any of the offenders reading this delineation of their irregularities without writhing under the exposure. The elegance of the writer's smooth sarcasm is as exquisite



site as his knowledge of his subject was thorough. His preface gives the clue to his scheme. Acknowledging the futility of previous attempts at reform, he proceeds to ask (the italics are our own):

"Does the author flatter himself that he possesses more powers of persuasion than his brethren? No. But he has discovered the sole reason why other advisers have been so little attended to: namely, because they have laid down a line of conduct in direct opposition to the inclination of their readers. Now, he has pursued a very different method; he has endeavored to reason his admonition to their appetites; and though he cannot expect to have so many readers, he doubts not but that his precepts and maxims will have more followers than those of Socrates or Epictetus, or any other moralist who has undertaken the arduous task of reforming mankind."

In explanation of which we quote from the chapter addressed to commanders-in-chief:

"You have heard that secrecy is one of the first requisites in a commander. In order, therefore, to get a name for this great military virtue, you must always be silent and sullen, particularly at your own table; and I would advise you to secure your secrets the more effectually, by depositing them in the safest place you can think of; as, for instance, in the breast of your wife or mistress. Ignorance of your profession is likewise best concealed by solemnity and silence, which pass for profound knowledge upon the generality of mankind. A proper attention to these, together with extreme severity, particularly in trifles, will soon procure you the character of a good officer."

These admirable counsels, which, in successive chapters, address every grade from commander to private, ought to be adopted by special instructions from the Secretary of War as a text-book at West Point. More ruthless, searching sarcasm we have never seen; and the hundred and twenty fortunate possessors of the Agathian Club's dainty fac-simile may congratulate themselves as much upon the refined railery and polished wit of Captain Grose—apparently as extinct as its author—as upon the sumptuous workmanship of the Bradstreet Press.

*Ingemisco. By Rudette. New York: Block & Co. 1867.*—That the authoress of this book is gifted with a vivid imagination, considerable power in conceiving and depicting emotion, and a sympathetic appreciation of much that is lofty and beautiful in nature, is undeniable; but her descriptions are exaggerated, her language inflated, and her story unartistically put together. With excellent perceptive faculties, and fertility of invention, and a playful fancy which never descends to vulgarity, the writer exhibits a want of cultivation and of thoughtful and persistent study which is indispensable to the achievement of success even in this department of letters. This is particularly remarkable in the earlier chapters of the book, but as the story increases in interest and draws towards a close the writer gradually becomes more natural, throws aside her high-flown affectations, and gives abundant proof of a capacity—with industry and application—to improve the talent of which she is undoubtedly possessed.

In the first chapter we are introduced to the heroine, Margaret Ross, and a young gentleman, Harry May, to whom she is betrothed. Of course she is adorned with every attribute of real and ideal beauty, while the description of the lover is puzzling beyond conception.

"You sigh, Margaret," he had said, with a wistful glance in the bright blue eyes fixed upon her while she had stood rapt in reverie, her gaze afar—she bowing his fair young noble head, among the clustering curls of which one looked for the helmet's imprint."

In our limited experience we have never before noted this distinguishing mark of nobility, of which, however, if it be one, the ranks of the Life Guards will furnish abundant evidences.

"So did the innate knightly spirit stamped on handsome, glowing face and lithe and hardy figure revert from the carpet knights of modern chivalry to the golden days of old, when the worshiped gold was a lady's sunny tress—ere yet the 'almighty dollar' had usurped the throne."

"Did I sigh?" she returned softly. "It must be that looking up here, where

"Nature's heart  
Beats strong among the hills."

one feels a pulsation of those lofty heart-throbs, an aspiration—a vague yearning after far heights to which few of us are strong to attain, mountain tops of the soul, whence those who dare gain them look down upon the clouds that lie along yonder low horizon? And she pointed to a dark drift bearing heavily down through a gap in the mountains, while on the heights above the sunset glory rested yet. Her companion kept an instant's moody silence."

We can scarcely wonder that he did—the marvel is that he should have the courage to break it. It is not impossible, though highly improbable, that young ladies should discourse upon ordinary topics in the exaggerated language of sentimental dramatic heroines, but we must confess to a weakness for young women who are a degree less sophisticated than Margaret appears to be at the beginning of the story, and acknowledge our gratitude to the authoress for not keeping up this sort of nonsense when the more serious business of life requires the heroine to be natural as well as earnest. The scene of the story is laid principally in the village of Lowerz, where Mr. Ross, his wife and daughters, and other English and foreign friends, make up a pleasant party, occasionally going off on excursions in the neighborhood. One day Margaret goes alone with a Swiss servant girl for the purpose of making a purchase at a neighboring village, leaving her friends to make a trip to Zug. She is overtaken by one of those terrible storms so frequent in these regions, and, losing her way, she wanders into the recesses of the mountains until she comes to a ravine across which a huge tree has fallen, forming a sort of bridge:

"Fearless, thoughtless of her own danger, she passed over—one instant and she would have stood in safety on the further side. One instant a terrific crash of thunder reverberated far and wide—a knell of doom through all those deep-voiced caves—and the lightning dazzled Margaret's eyes. She staggered and missed her footing. Down, down she fell—oh, the lifetime of that second!—till the broken trunk of a tree, jutting out from the cruel precipice, caught her heavy riding skirt, holding her back from that bridgeless chasm of eternity."

"Suspended far above the abyss, a moment passed ere she could collect her scattered senses and realize her situation. The next, with quick presence of mind, she swung gently to and fro until she succeeded in placing her foot upon a crevice in the cliff below, and then raised herself with difficulty to a half-sitting, half-crouching position upon the decaying trunk."

From this dangerous situation she is rescued by the efforts of a stranger who opportunely appears upon "the rock beyond the ravine." The stranger takes her to a cave which is provisionally stored with provisions, here Margaret recovers from the effects of her accident, and after a hearty meal he conveys her to his own castle and sends to inform her father of her safety. Mr. Ross arrives at the castle, remains for a short season the guest of its owner—whose name is Count Zalkiewski—and then they all repair to Lowerz. As a natural consequence, Margaret and the Count fall in love with each other, but her promise has been given to her father that she will marry Harry May, and she informs the Count of her engagement. Mr. Ross and Harry go on a hunting expedition, and after a few days' absence the latter returns alone and tells Margaret of her father's death. How this sad event occurred we do not know, but the promise made to her father is now more than ever binding upon Margaret, and in a long interview with the Count, in which she takes leave of him for ever, she for the first time acknowledges her love, and parts from him to meet no more. An accident causes her return to the spot where he still stood, he utters her name, and she throws herself into his arms:

"My darling, you have come back to me."  
"As one awaking from a dream, she started. She shivered, and her eyes unclosed with a wild and troubled gaze upon him."  
"I had forgotten—I had forgotten—oh, my father, forgive me!" she moaned, struggling to free herself.

"My Margaret, you would not leave me?"

"He withdrew his arms. She trembled before the angry flash upon his brow, the relentless fire in his eyes. His nostrils dilated, and his mouth was rigid when he spoke. The words, hardly louder than a whisper, were yet terribly distinct:

"We are parted no more. I swear it. You go hence with me as my wife, if you will. Give me your word of honor to ride with me now to Schwyz, to marry me there this morning, rescue or no rescue. Refuse, and what eye shall trace your way through these mountains to my castle in Zug—what ear hear your cry for aid—what arm tear you from me there?"

The threat had the desired effect, and Margaret accompanies him to the church, where they are married.

This and other improbable events are supposed to occur afterwards in the story, which grows in interest towards the close despite its incongruity and want of finish.

There are several pretty little legends told by divers persons, relating to the places visited by the travellers, which serve to give variety to the book, and which are very pleasantly narrated. As a whole, *Ingemisco* contains so much that gives promise of future excellence that we hope the authoress will not shrink from that steadfast and patient toil which alone can ensure her in the sequel that enviable position to which, no doubt, she aspires.

*The Village on the Cliff: A novel. By Miss Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.*—We are somewhat disappointed in Miss Thackeray. *The Story of Elizabeth* was charming, and we had hoped to find *The Village on the Cliff* equally so; but it certainly is not. The faults which we attribute to inexperience in a first attempt, must when they appear in a second be set down to want of capacity or want of care. We think in this instance it is the latter, for despite many defects the story shows talent in certain directions. The descriptions of the scenery and population of Petitport are admirable. The romantic dulness of the little French village and the simple fussiness of its inhabitants are clearly and sharply sketched, and so is the more conventional life in London; although it is more especially in the earlier portion of the book, while the scene transpires in that smoky city, that we think Miss Thackeray most signally fails to interest. The story holds the characters together too loosely to give any sense of reality; there is a certain foggy—perhaps of the atmosphere—and we dimly wonder why these people wander to and fro across the British Channel. Miss Thackeray's style sometimes helps to create bewilderment in the reader's mind. She writes beautiful English, for which we thank her; but sometimes she indulges in paragraphs of such long sentences, so crammed with observation, so full of reflections, that we get perfectly breathless, and long for a full stop. The English characters are commonplace. Dick Butler might have become interesting if more fully developed by the action of the story; and the little English governess only awakens our regards when we get across the Channel and the fog clears off. She is at best but a little doll, who fell in love with Dick in an entirely unprovoked manner. Reine is a more ambitious attempt. Noble by her mother's side, she lives on a farm with her only living relation, who is almost imbecile, and manages all the business affairs, working with her own hands. She grows sick, and is alternately proud and humble, torturing herself and Dick, who has fallen in love with her, by doubting the possibility of his loving one in her position. She is an original character, and intended to be strong; but her vacillations are too abruptly presented to the reader to allow any impression of strength to remain. M. Fontaine, the *maître* of Petitport, and his house, and his elderly relatives, with their dreary pleasures and minute economies, are capital bits of description. M. Fontaine himself, with his inexpressibly tedious habit of making set speeches, his tender heart, and his adoration for the little governess who marries him, his unconsciousness of what she suffers from his peculiarities, his baize apron, his feather duster, and his cornet, and, after all, his noble death while trying to save some drowning sailors, is a most natural, touching, and withal truly French picture; and we cannot help taking it as an evidence that Miss Thackeray has not as yet done herself justice, but that with her delicate penetration, sense of humor, and command of language, it only requires a more vigorous effort on her part to enable her to create a fiction more worthy of the name she bears than is *The Village on the Cliff*.

*War Poems. By Elbridge Jefferson Cutler. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.*—This little volume, the produc-

tion of Professor Cutler, of Harvard University, exhibits in a considerable degree the valuable poetic qualities of imagination, taste, and elegance. We deprecate in general either poetic or other effusions, whether they emanate from the North or South, which are calculated to keep alive resentment and perpetuate bitter memories; but this is assuredly no reason why we should not attempt to do justice, as far as we are able, to literary merit, let it come whence it may and treat what it will. In this spirit we are led to record the opinion that the poems before us evince, in parts, a high order of merit and the possession of powers which may well produce something still more excellent and substantial. Two or three of these pieces will not readily be forgotten, and all are above an average which usually elicits thoughtful praise. The volume is published in a style of commendable elegance.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

*The London Quarterly Review* for January has appeared in its American form and contains articles of customary solidity and some of unusual interest. The first paper, *Charles Lamb and Some of his Companions*, will be much relished, being an ostensible review of Talfourd's *Final Memorials* of the essayist and of Mr. Procter's more recent memoir. The article called *Crime in the State of New York* is based on the Twenty-first Annual Report of our Prison Association, and, after a temperate discussion of its developments, concludes with the following summary:

"But whatever course events may take in the United States (and we earnestly desire that it may be happy and successful for the American nation), we may ourselves gather from their experience a lesson which it would be madness to neglect. That lesson is caution in making organic changes; a lesson which, happily for us, falls in with the sedate and practical character of the British people. Would any—the most democratic among us—exchange our regulated freedom for such unchecked license of depredation—in truth, such a reign of terror as prevails in the rural districts of what may almost be termed the Metropolitan State of the Union?"

The article on *Yankee Humor* is appreciative and cordial, and touches upon, among others, the writings of Geo. Wm. Curtis, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Saxe, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe; besides mentioning in the title, at least, the humorists who are known as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Nasby, and John Phoenix. The last—the late Lieut. Derby, U.S.A.—who was really funnier than any of the other pseudonymous caricaturists, gets no credit beyond the naming of his book. *English Democracy and Irish Fenianism* has interest for this side of the ocean. We by no means endorse all of its conclusions, but many of them it is impossible not to accept. It will be well for the worthy people who have been displeased by recent political articles in *THE ROUND TABLE* to read this particular paper of *English Democracy*, etc., with close attention. The remaining five papers which make up the review are, each in its way, vigorous and readable.

Miss Braddon's *Belgravia*, of which the February number completes the first volume, has shown that it is to be a readable collection of the very lightest order of light literature. Of the editor's serial contribution, which is the main stay, we need say little, as its reprint in this country keeps pace with its appearance abroad; it is a novel which no one can commence without desiring to follow it to its close, and one which awakens constant surprise that a writer so entirely without humor as Miss Braddon can interest so strongly. The want of humor, in fact, pervades the magazine, although Mr. G. A. Sala is writing about streets and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has a pleasant article on *Private Theatricals*, while the third of the *Belgravian Prose Ballads*—which have been rather an abortive attempt at social satire—is a marked improvement on its predecessors, especially in its name, which is quite happy—*Honeymoonshine*. It is impossible to be enthusiastic about either the poetry or the illustrations; some of the latter are good, but quite as many extraordinarily ill-done—one which represents a high-bred young lady cutting her adorer being apparently modelled upon the manner in which a chambermaid would perform that operation and being only praiseworthy in the execution of the background, the lady's silk dress, and the gentleman's shiny hat. Thanks to the paste-pot publications, the public is tolerably familiar with the reading matter of *Belgravia*, which seems to be remarkably well appreciated.

In speaking of the juvenile periodicals last month we ventured the prediction that *The Riverside*, with its advantages in form and mechanical execution, needed only to overcome the difficulties incident to early numbers and to get well to work in order to compare advantageously with *Our Young Folks*. It has done so earlier than we anticipated, for we imagine no one could compare the March issues without awarding the preference decidedly to the younger monthly. In the frontispieces the contrast is marked,—Mr. H. L. Stephens furnishing for *The Riverside* an admirable illustration of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," while in *Our Young Folks*, Mr. A. Hoppin's picture of "Our Baby" is by no means creditable to artist or engraver and would not be so even to a publication of a much inferior grade. Otherwise, *The Riverside* addresses youngsters rather older than the clientele of its rival, mingling useful instruction with some capital stories which school-going boys will find especially attractive. The gem of the number is *Ainslee*, an admirably natural story of a mischief-seeking six-year-old by Helen C. Weeks; *Our Young Folks*, however, has a monkey story by L. D. Nichols so good that it is difficult to award the preference to either; then the serial in the latter, *Round the World Joe*, introduces such impossibly smart and epigrammatic boys and is otherwise so strained in its humor that it falls far short of the boarding school stories that *Vieux Moustache*—whoever he may be—is giving each month; while, on the other hand, the Boston monthly opens with a really humorous poem by Mr. Trowbridge, on *Darius Green and his Flying Machine*, beside which *The Riverside's* rhymed *Battle of*



*Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee*, is quite flat and unmeaning. Another of the latter's articles, *Good and Bad Apples*, might almost have been attributed to Hans Christian Andersen without fear of dispute; and in the *Books for Young People* parents will find a very readable, though too short, dissertation upon nursery rhymes.

#### MISCELLANEA.

FROM MR. CHARLES RAU we have the information, pleasing to archaeologists, that there is now in New York the finest collection of antiquities from the north of Europe ever brought to this country. This collection belongs to Mr. Charles C. Claus, long a resident of the Prussian island of Rügen in the Baltic, near the coast of Pomerania. The cretaceous rocks forming a part of the coast of that island contain flint of a superior kind, and large quantities of this material are also found along the shore. Before the introduction of percussion-locks, the fabrication of gun-flints was carried on in the island; but in ancient times, when the people of northern Europe were still unacquainted with the use of metals, immense numbers of flint implements were manufactured in Rügen, and at some remote period of antiquity this island may have been, comparatively, as noted for its weapons and utensils of flint as Sheffield and Solingen are in our days for cutlery and sword-blades. Though the flint articles of Rügen have swelled the collections of Europe, their number is not yet altogether exhausted, and some of them are still found, either in the ancient barrows (Hünengräber) or on the surface, like most of our Indian stone weapons and utensils. Rügen is supposed to be the island mentioned by Tacitus where the Germanic goddess Hertha was worshipped (Germ. XL). Her sacred chariot, he states, was at certain times washed in a lake, on which occasion human sacrifices and other barbarous rites were performed. Hertha bears somewhat the character of the Greek divinities Gaia and Demeter: she was the goddess of the earth. The English word "Earth" and the German "Erde" are derivatives of that name. There is actually on the island of Rügen a deep lake called Hertha-lake (Hertha-See). It was formerly enclosed by an artificial earth wall, about sixty feet high, of which the greater portion still remains. Near the lake huge sacrificial stone altars are seen amidst groves of immense beech-trees. Most of the articles composing the valuable collection of Mr. Claus were found on the island; but Sweden, Norway, the Danish islands, Sleswick, and Holstein have also furnished many specimens. The flint implements, which form by far the most important part of the collection, consist of knives, saws, daggers, arrow and spear heads, chisels, and a great variety of celts, or unperforated axes. Among the most interesting articles of flint must be counted those that are in an unfinished state and serve to illustrate the process of manufacture. Indeed, the collection is so complete that one may trace the progress in the manufacture of the articles through all intermediate stages, from the rude piece, to which only a few strokes had been applied, to the highly polished axe, or the delicately serrated sawing implement; even the lumps of flint, from which the knives were split, are not wanting. Perforated axes of basaltic or dioritic materials, discoidal stones, celts and fibulae of bronze, beads, ornaments of amber, pottery, etc., form the remainder of the collection.

Mr. Claus is now engaged in arranging his articles with a view to exhibit them at the Cooper Institute. An opportunity will thus be afforded to the archaeologists of this city to examine them, and they will be struck with the resemblance they bear to the stone implements formerly made by the aborigines of this country. They prove, indeed, that the inhabitants of Northern Europe lived, in times beyond the records of history, much in the manner of the Indians of North America before the original habits of the latter had been changed by intercourse with the Europeans.

MR. NORMAN WIARD became pretty well known during the war from his exposures of a good deal of corruption, ignorance, and official insolence in the War and Navy Departments, and especially in their bureaus of ordnance, whereby a bitter feud prevailed between Mr. Wiard and his friends on the one side and the entire official and "service" community on the other, which after a while was partially allayed by permission given to Mr. Wiard to construct guns on a new theory of his own device. In a controversy of this kind *The Army and Navy Journal* is scarcely the quarter in which we should expect to find judicial impartiality in its treatment of the assailant of the departments, and it is quite as a matter of course that its last issue contains a pooh-poohing account of Mr. Wiard's last publication on the subject, from which contemptuous disposal of the matter no one could gather the actual nature of the principles on which alone, Mr. Wiard argues, "great guns" can successfully be made. We have not space to enter upon the experiments and arguments by which Mr. Wiard appears to us—we speak merely as a layman, but as, without bias in favor of his theories, familiar not only with his books and published experiments but with every detail of his efforts in foundry and machine-shop to make "great guns" and with the causes of their unsuccess—to establish irrefragably the following points: (1) that all heavy ordnance which is calculated to resist only the explosive power of gunpowder is constructed on totally false principles; (2) that guns burst not from the expansive force of gases, but from the unequal expansion by heat of the metal of the reinforce; (3) that guns to secure a high velocity or to endure greatly heavier charges than are now used can be made, and can be made only, by a complete change in the form of the gun from any hitherto known to one which shall provide elasticity in the metal about the bore, within a heavy reinforce; (4) that the adopted Dahlgren and Rodman guns, made at absurdly excessive cost, are in these and in other respects formed in entire defiance of

physical facts. Of course, a sweeping assertion of such fundamental error as this savors of rank heresy to the official mind and to all the artilleryists who must confess their own ignorance previous to its adoption. Mr. Wiard, however, has certainly shown that they are in error, though he has not yet made it equally evident that his own "great gun" is the one which is to demonstrate the truth. In fact, Mr. Wiard's "great guns" proved nothing at all. Three of them (15-inch) were attempted: the first was spoiled in the casting and remelted; the second was finished and burst on the first fire; for the third the Navy Department refused to pay, and it was melted for old iron. The experience showed only that by no devices now known to founders can cores be made which will not fuse under the heat of the great mass of metal in these colossal guns; so that, whereas they were to cost less than the Dahlgren gun, which is made upon the most wasteful principles attainable, and from which the toughest part of the iron is cut away—on the two which were finished so much labor was required to remedy the fusion of the cores that they cost more, we believe, than the Navy gun. The difficulty was a mechanical one, and did nothing to prove or disprove Mr. Wiard's theory of the cause of the bursting of guns. For our own opinion, we have little doubt that if he can evade this obstacle he can build a gun that will penetrate any armor with which vessels can be sheathed, and thus again revolutionize naval warfare.

#### LITERARIANA.

AMONG the things fortunately unaccomplished by the last Congress was the levying of a tariff which would practically have deprived the country of all cheap literature except the sensation novels and chambermaids' periodicals. What will become of the bill in the new Congress, it is as we write impossible to forecast. It can, however, scarcely happen that that body shall have less comprehension of the needs of literature than its predecessor, while among the new members it is to be hoped there will not be wanting some competent and ready to give the matter the attention it deserves. It would be true wisdom in our rulers to allow the publishers the benefit of absolute free trade in the matter of paper and then to admit English books with a very light duty. This is not likely to dawn upon legislators who propose taxing books by the pound like so much iron, and whose conception of the author entitled to marked attentions on the floor of the House is—Petroleum V. Nasby.

THE country would derive no small benefit from having in Congress a representation of more such men as the Republicans of the New Haven district of Connecticut have done themselves honor in nominating in Prof. Cyrus Northrup, of Yale College. *The Pall Mall Gazette* recently noted how creditable Mr. Lincoln's foreign appointments were in the selection of eminent men to foreign posts, although the correspondence elicited by Mr. McCracken—whose likeness we are surprised not to see in the weekly papers—shows some of them in rather a pitiful and abject light, which contrasts very strongly with Mr. Motley's manly conduct. For the first foolish letter Mr. Seward, it seems, is not to be held responsible, his name having been secured in some queer manner by our disreputable President; and, indeed, the government have tried to repair their false step, first by tendering Mr. Bancroft the collectorship at Boston and then by nominating for the superintendence of the Coast Survey Prof. Peirce, whom, we observe, a Chicago paper describes as "of Princeton College, New Jersey," adding that "his confirmation is by no means certain," for he "was the candidate of *The New York World*!"

FROM Philadelphia comes to us this quaint little poem:

#### A SMALL WARBLER.

A little bird with the blackest eyes  
Sits on a twig and nods at me;  
Very merry he seems to be,  
And wise.

I wish I knew what the fellow thinks,  
Saucily shaking his cunning head—  
Whether it cannot all be said  
By winks.

I wish I were of the craft as well,  
Careless of morrows which come too soon,  
Hearing the tales a golden noon  
Can tell.

For I should tarry among the leaves,  
Breathing no other than balmy air,  
Seeing my harvest everywhere  
In sheaves.

And then I should tax my brain no more,  
Thick though the snowflakes chose to fall,  
Knowing I have beyond them all  
A shore.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

MR. CHARLES SUMNER, says the rumor which announces his intention to leave public life on the expiration of his present term in the Senate, will make his residence abroad for several years in order to consult the continental libraries on the subject of slavery, of which he designs a history from the earliest times to its abolition in America.

MR. JAMES DUNWOODY BROWNSON DE BOW, the eminent southern statistician, died last week at Elizabeth, N. J. Mr. De Bow was educated as a lawyer, but early turned his attention to literature, and at different times held a professorship of political economy in the Universi-

\* The test was such as has never been applied in another case. The proof-charge of a Dahlgren 11-inch gun is 13 lb. of slow-burning powder with one hollow shot. That under which Mr. Wiard's gun failed was 80 lb. of quick-burning powder with two solid shots. The U. S. ordnance officer, before firing, in reply to the question what the effect of the charge would be, replied, "An earthquake;" and the gun flew in splinters with a roar that alarmed the country for miles around.

ty of Louisiana, the superintendence of the census under President Pierce, and an office under the Confederate government. His name, however, was best known through the famous *De Bow's Review*, originally established at New Orleans in 1845, and soon becoming the ablest organ of the South Carolina political school; discontinued during the war, its publication was afterwards resumed, first at New York, then at Nashville. From it was compiled a three-volume work of Mr. De Bow's authorship, *Industrial Resources of the Southwest*, the authoritative work on the subject.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S *Dante* is so far completed that the proofs are in the poet's hands. His revision, however, is minute, every passage on which he is doubtful being subjected to the criticism of his friends—fellow-poets and Italian scholars—so that publication will not take place for some months.

FROM the Rev. W. C. Richards we have these very pretty verses, apropos of the season:

#### WILL THE VIOLETS BLOOM AGAIN?

Will the violets bloom again  
Where the drifted snow is piled,  
By the north wind bleak and wild,  
On the hill-side, in the glen?

Will their tender eyes of blue  
Ever wake from frozen trance,  
Ever urge their timid glance—  
All these ghostly shroudings through?

Cold the kisses of the air  
On the earth's white bosom press;  
Will they glow with tenderness  
Kindling hues and fragrance there?

So we marmur—half as real—  
While the snow-drifts higher climb;  
Murmur—"Will the sweet spring time  
Beauty any more reveal?"

And in winter yet more drear,  
Winter thick with spirit gloom;  
All our fond hopes in the tomb,  
Only drifting terrors near:

Woful and in doubt, we say—  
"Will the shadows ever lift;  
Through our great gloom's billowy drift,  
Can joy's blossoms make their way?"

Harder, here, comes Faith's behest,  
Than to see beneath the snow  
Germ and leaf and petals grow—  
Out of earth's dew-sprung breast!

April's tears and May's warm smiles  
Will at length dissolve the drift;  
And the violet's eyes will lift  
Up to ours their sunniest wiles.

Then its heavenly hue and breath,  
Shall this holy lesson teach—  
Plainer, tenderer far than speech—  
How in gloom joy quickeneth.

MESSRS. GOULD & LINCOLN, the issue of whose *Annual of Scientific Discovery* for 1866 did not appear, announce that it will be resumed by the early publication of a volume covering the two years of 1866-67. Mr. Wells, the former editor, is still precluded by his government duties as chairman of the Revenue Commission from preparing the volume, which has been entrusted to Dr. Samuel Kneeland, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

THE Agathynian Club will issue about the middle of April as the second of their publications a black-letter facsimile of the *Proverbs or Adages of Erasmus*, with biographical and bibliographical additions by Mr. George P. Philis. Of the original English translation very few copies are known to exist: the reprint will occupy about 200 pages of medium octavo.

MR. H. CLAY PREUSS, at the invitation of numerous members of Congress and other public men, is about to repeat his lecture on *Hamlet* for the benefit of the poor of South Carolina, the proceeds to be used for the purchase of corn, to which, we believe, the railroad companies grant free transportation.

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, formerly managing editor of *The Tribune*, is said to be preparing a life of Horace Greeley.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS—of whose *Venetian Life* a new and enlarged edition is announced by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton—is engaged upon a new work, the title of which is not announced, and which will not be issued before the summer or fall.

GEN. N. B. FORREST will soon have ready for the press a work entitled *The Memoirs of Forrest's Cavalry*.

GEN. JOHN MEREDITH READ, Jr., author of the *Historical Enquiry Concerning Henry Hudson*, has been elected to a membership of the Royal Irish Academy.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND's long poem, of which we have previously spoken, is so far advanced that its publication is promised for the fall.

MR. ARTHUR J. PEABODY—a nephew of Mr. George Peabody, and for some time employed in the West as a journalist—has become a partner in the publishing house of Charles Scribner & Co.

MR. GUILD, Librarian of Brown University, has read before the Historical Society of Providence a paper on passages in the history of Rhode Island of the period covered by his *History of Brown University*, soon to be published.

MR. W. C. ATKINSON, some weeks since, sent to *The Athenaeum* what he believes to be the original version of *The Jew's Daughter*, an old ballad of which a manuscript copy was known once to have existed in the minister library of Lincoln Cathedral, but to have disappeared. Mr. Edward Peacock follows with an erudite dissertation upon the historical incident upon which it is based; this is fixed in 1255, but Mr. Peacock bases it upon an old tradition from which Chaucer's *Princess's Tale* as well as this was, he thinks, derived. Our readers, however, will



care more for the quaint verses themselves than for any events they may commemorate:

#### THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

The bonny boys of merry Lincoln  
Were playing at the ba',  
And w! them stude the sweet Sir Hugh,  
The flower among them a'.

He keppt the ba' there w! his foot,  
And catched it w! his knee,  
Till in at the cruel Jew's window  
W! spied he garred it flee.

"Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid;  
Cast out the ba' to me."  
"Ye neir shall hae it, my bonny Sir Hugh,  
Till ye come up to me;—

"Come up, sweet Hugh; come up, deir Hugh;  
Come up, and get the ba'."  
"I winna come up, I winna come up,  
Without my playfere a'.

And she has gone to her father's garden  
Sae fast as she could rin;  
And powd an apple red an white  
To wyle the young thing in.

She wyled him sune through a chamber,  
And wyled him sune through twa;  
And neist they came to her ain chamber,  
The fairest o' them a'.

She has laid him on a dressing board,  
Wha' she was used to dine!  
And stuck a knife deep in his heart,  
And dressed him like a swine.

She row'd him in a cake o' lead,  
And bade him lie and sleep;  
Syne threw him in the Jew's draw-well,  
Fu' fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,  
And lika lady gaed hame;  
Then lika lady had her young son,  
But Lady Helen had none.

She row'd her mantel her about,  
And sair, sair can she weip;  
She ran w! spied to the Jew's castel  
When a' were fast asleep.

"My bonny Sir Hugh, your mither calls;  
I pray thee to her speik."  
"O Lady, rin to the deip draw-well,  
Gin ye your son wad seek."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
And kneeled upon her knee;  
"My bonny Sir Hugh, gin ye be here,  
I pray ye speik to me!"

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither;  
The well is wondrous deip;  
A kene, kene knife stiks in my heart;  
A word I dounar speik.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir;  
Fetch me my winding sheet;  
For again in merry Lincoln town  
We twa sall nevir meet."

The following letter explains itself:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TIMES:

"Sir: The following is cut from THE ROUND TABLE of the 12th instant:  
"A Mr. Burr advertises in *The Anglo-American Times* requesting all who favor a reduced postage between England and the United States to communicate with him. Postmaster-General Randall, it is well known, has been endeavoring to adjust a scheme by which rates should be reduced one-half, and the requirement of prepayment should be abandoned. Under the present plan this country pays some \$150,000 a year in gold to England. This arrangement, however, was not to take effect before 1868. We are not aware whether Mr. Burr is anxious simply to promote this movement, or to accelerate it, or to make a still greater reduction; at all events, we wish him and his coadjutors all success."  
Many paragraphs have appeared in newspapers, and letters have been written on this subject, since my advertisement was inserted in your columns last year.

"In reply to the editor of THE ROUND TABLE, permit me to say that we are anxious not only to promote the movement for a reduction of the postage to one-half, but also to obtain a still further reduction; and that we think that when we shall have secured the hearty support of the press generally, which we rely on, we may then have such a scale of charges for letters, books, etc., as seems to be demanded by the enormous and increasing correspondence.

"We believe that extended intercommunication will more than anything else tend to promote peace and good-will between the United States and Great Britain, and, therefore, earnestly appeal to all who can influence public opinion to help in this important work. I remain, sir, yours obediently,  
T. A. BURR.  
"11 QUEEN SQUARE, Bloomsbury, W. C.,  
London, Jan. 31, 1867."

MISS BRADDON is likely before long, if she does not already, to hold American publishers in as sincere abhorrence as she must do the proprietors of the other *Belgravia* at home. The squabble just now has been gotten up by *The Sunday Mercury*, and is believed by *The Athenaeum* to have set "the literary people of New York wrangling over" a question of which—however absorbing it may be for the dry-goods clerks and servant girls—the literary people of New York know little and care less. *The Mercury*, it seems, is publishing *Nobody's Daughter*; or, *The Ballad Singer of Wapping*: this, it advertises, is by Miss Braddon, who, among other singular experiences, "queens it to-day wherever the English language is spoken," for which reason *The Mercury* is a peculiarly fit recipient of her writings as being "the newspaper that occupies the throne of Sunday journalism." Somebody hereupon denies that the story is by Miss Braddon, to which *The Mercury* rejoins that papers which do so are "concerns on their last legs," and essays to silence them by producing what it says is Miss Braddon's receipt for £150 as payment for the advanced sheets. All parties agree, we believe, that *Nobody's Daughter* is identical with *Diavola*, which is now appearing in *The London Journal* as "by the author of *The Black Band*." This consideration sets *The Athenaeum* totally at sea: *The Black Band*, it ascertains, being synonymous with *What is this Mystery?*—of which our readers have heard before—and Miss Braddon having repudiated the latter, it therefore follows that she is not the author of *Diavola*, otherwise *Nobody's Daughter*. Now, the fact is that, although everybody thought she did, Miss Braddon very elaborately did not deny that she had written *What is this Mystery?* confining herself guardedly to a sharp reprimand of Messrs. Hilton & Co. for advertising it, *more suo*, as "Miss Braddon's Latest and Best."—*Athenaeum*. The impression left on us by the letter—and we have no doubt whatever it was

the correct one—was that the novel in question was one of the author's *coups d'auteur*, and that as, instead of beginning with a *Waverley* or a *Pickwick* and declining to bosh, her books have been a constant improvement upon their predecessors, the writer of *Lady Audley's Secret* was with reason as averse to acknowledging it as was the author of *The Newcomes* to perpetuating *The Paris Sketch Book*. *The Mercury's* prize we have little doubt is to be ranked in the same category as the Messrs. Hilton's; at all events, it is not worth all the bad language that is being expended upon it, and as *The Mercury* has been well advertised by the excitement and the chambermaids who read it are pretty sure to be pleased with *Nobody's Daughter*, whenever and by whomever it was written, we hope Miss Braddon will follow the advice of *The Athenaeum* and explain to the satisfaction alike of Box and Cox.

MR. DICKENS is in various ways deserving of more gratitude than we think his recent novels entitle him to. His plea against uncut books was meritorious; his assault in *Mugby Junction* upon one phase of railway grievances was beyond all praise; and more recently he has been complaining in *The Times* of abuses on the rail to which we submit so meekly that—despite the toadyism with which our ladies would probably again make themselves ridiculous—we wish he might extend to this country, as means of possible railroad reform, the readings he is about to give in Ireland.

THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN is at work upon a life of the "Corn-law Rhymers," Ebenezer Elliot.

MARSHAL NIEL intends writing a memoir of Vauban. M. MICHELET is writing the reign of Louis XVI., with which he will complete his *History of France*.

PROF. LITRE, having placed in his publisher's hand the entire MSS. of his dictionary, projects a metaphysical work.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Announcements cannot be made unless received on or before the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

HURD & Houghton, New York:

Venetian Life. By William D. Howells. Second edition. With additional chapters on Venetian Commerce. The Market Assistant. By Thomas F. De Voe, Butcher, Jefferson Market.

BLOCK & Co., New York:

Albert Hastings: A Novel. By Mrs. Mary S. Whitaker, of New Orleans.

D. & J. SADDLER & Co., New York:

The Exile of Tadmor, and other Tales. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sandler. The Metropolitan Grammar. Prepared by a Member of the Holy Cross.

Catholic Anecdotes, Vol. III. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sandler.

Disappointed Ambition. By Agnes M. Stewart. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston:  
The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament. Bampton Lectures. By Thomas Dehany Bernard, Exeter College. Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1866 and 1867. 400 pp.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no communications to THE ROUND TABLE will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Will some kind reader give the name of the author of the lines entitled *Misanthropic Hours*? and commencing—

"I sometimes feel that I could blot  
All traces of mankind from earth,  
As if 'twere wrong to blast them not,  
They so degrade, so shame their birth."

It must have been first published twenty-five years ago.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

A. W. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Theoretically, there is a degree of longitude where the division of time called a day ends and another day commences. Is it so practically? Is there any place, for instance, where the first day of a month ends and the second day commences? To illustrate, suppose a person were to start from Washington, D. C., at 12 M., February 1, and travel westward with the same velocity as the earth turns upon its axis, he would then have the sun constantly over his head and at each successive point reached by him it would be 12 M., February 1, to the inhabitants. On his return to Washington it would, however, be 12 M., February 2, to its inhabitants.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

A. W. P.

Our correspondent will find a very ingenious mystification, founded upon the question he raises, in one of Edgar Poe's stories, called *Three Sundays in a Week*, or some similar title. There can be no such point of absolute demarcation as he describes, nor is it necessary till man can travel at the indicated rate of speed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The publishers of the new edition of Webster's Dictionary in their advertisement of the merits of this work make the statement that it contains ten thousand more words than any other similar publication, which assertion would naturally lead any one to suppose that every term employed by writers in the language was to be found in its pages. But in the course of my reading I have met with several which I am unable to discover in its columns, and in the hope that this notice may meet the eyes of some one engaged in its publication and that thereby this great work may be brought still nearer perfection in future editions, I am induced to send you a list of those few which I have noticed. First are *paroxysm* and *proparoxysm*, words to be found in every Greek grammar, and also *perispome*, which has been excluded by the editors, although the form *properispome*, which is derived from it, has been admitted. The remaining words are *pentadecagon*, a term employed in geometry; *berceau*, used by Gibbon in the preface to his *History of England*, and there defined by him as "a covered walk of acacias;" and *schopen*, found in Bancroft's *United States*, Vol. II., page 305. I am ignorant whether the two last are properly English words, but being in use by two such noted writers, they ought to be admitted into an English dictionary which contains so many obsolete terms as the late edition of Webster.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., February 11, 1867.

The words of the first class named by "Critic" are simply barbarisms of the grammarians which are never found out of the books in which they are fully defined. Their absence from

Webster we regard as a recommendation to that work rather than otherwise.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Allow me to enquire through your columns when Mr. Lukens's volume of *Lenore* translations is likely to be published?  
C. A. BRISTED,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your querist "C. L." has slightly mixed things. The lines

"'Tis all—too late—thou art—thou art—  
The cherished madness of my heart,"

should be without the dashes, thus:

"'Tis all too late; thou art, thou art  
The cherished madness of my heart."

They are from Byron's *Glaucor*. The other stanzas are from Tom Moore's song in *The Light of the Harem*, beginning

"Fly to the desert, fly with me."

If "C. L." has not read *The Glaucor* or *Lalla Rookh*, then "C. L." has a great pleasure in store.  
A. G. J.

TROY, February 23, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: "C. L." will find the verses commencing

"Oh, there are looks and tones that dart,"

in Tom Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. They are from that exquisite song in *The Light of the Harem*,

"Fly to the desert, fly with me."

The two lines which "C. L." has prefixed have no connection with these verses and sound Byronic.  
M. D. E.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In Hunt's picture of "Christ Knocking at the Door" a plant much resembling the common dill (*anethum graveolens*), having blossoms like those of our common wild parsnip, is prominently introduced as growing by the door. The same plant appears in Faed's "Evangeline." I should like to know the name of the plant, and the peculiar significance, if there be any, which has brought it into such prominence.

Where can this couplet be found?

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;  
Though he stands and waits with patience, with exactness grinds he all."

Respectfully,

CALEDONIA.

The couplet is one of Longfellow's translations from the German—we believe of Von Logau.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your issue of the 23d instant you state that you publish with the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* the only English translation known to exist. This hymn is so beautifully and, we may add, so faithfully rendered in our language in *St. Vincent's Manual*—a book well known to every Catholic—that it were a pity that your readers should linger under so false an impression. The following is the rendering referred to:

"Holy Spirit! Lord of light!  
From thy clear celestial height,  
Thy pure beaming radiance give.  
Come, thou Father of the Poor!  
Come, with treasures which endure!  
Come, thou Light of all that live!"

"Thou of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast,  
Dost refresh peace bestow;  
Thou in toil art comfort sweet  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

"Light immortal! Light divine!  
Visit thou these hearts of thine,  
And our inmost being fill:  
If thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay;  
All his good is turned to ill.

"Heal our wounds—our strength renew;  
On our dryness pour thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away;  
Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
Guide the steps that go astray.

"Thou, on those who evermore  
Thee confess and thee adore,  
In thy sevenfold gifts, descend;  
Give them comfort when they die;  
Give them life with thee on high;  
Give them joys which never end.  
AMEN."

In this translation, where there exists a variation from the original, it is rather one of the form than of the spirit, which is more than can be said of several verses of the translation you have printed. In stanza vi., for instance,

"Sine tuo numine"—

"Without thy divinity"—is rendered

"Thy help in our work on earth!"

which is surely so far from the mark as to be entirely unrecognizable.

"If thou take thy grace away"

certainly expresses the *idea*, at last, since where God is not, grace cannot be. I remain, with respect, yours, etc.

SAM'L J. DONALDSON, JR.

BALTIMORE, February 26, 1867.

Our statement was not as quoted, but that we believed the version we gave to be the first made directly from the Latin—the only other of which we were aware having passed through the medium of the German.

#### THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 110

SATURDAY, MARCH 2.

DEMOCRACY, INTERNATIONAL COINAGE, TRAINING AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE, NATIONAL EDUCATION, BRIBERY, MUSIC IN THE MORNING, PHYSIOLOGICAL GASTRONOMY.

CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

REVIEWS:

SISTERS OF MERCY, LIFE OF LINCOLN, WOODBURN GRANGE, KALOOLAH, REMARKS ON CLASSICAL AND UTILITARIAN STUDIES, THE LIFE OF JESUS, THE MAGAZINES.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

A PRIZE "GENTLEMAN," MESSRS. BEADLE'S DEAD LETTER.

LITERARIANA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.



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RALEIGH, N. C., February 22, 1867.

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1867. PROSPECTUS. 1867.

## "The Round Table's" Arrangements and Proposals for the New Year, 1867.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

The Conductors of THE ROUND TABLE beg to tender their cordial acknowledgments to the many friends of the paper for a handsome support, which has gone on steadily increasing until it can now be truthfully said that it is fully, fairly, and prosperously established.

During the three years that have passed since the first publication of THE ROUND TABLE, it has experienced an unusually diversified career, making not only strong friends, but some bitter enemies; yet the number of the latter has ever been comparatively small, and it is hoped and believed that there are now very few who do not wish well to a journal so earnestly devoted to literary, social, and artistic progress.

THE ROUND TABLE now has subscribers in every state of the Union, in Canada and other parts of our own continent, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and in many countries of continental Europe. It goes, in fact, to the four quarters of the globe, and with nearly every issue the number which is sent abroad increases.

The home subscription list is a large and steadily augmenting one and it contains the name of nearly every person noted in literature or eminent in professional life throughout the country. THE ROUND TABLE, therefore, addresses a highly cultivated and distinguished circle, a circumstance which in preparing its contents is sedulously kept in view. The arrangements which have been made and which are in progress for the NEW YEAR are such as to promise the most gratifying results. No weekly paper has ever been published in this country which has contained so much really first-rate writing both from American and English pens as THE ROUND TABLE will offer to its readers during the year 1867. This will, of course, involve a very large outlay; but the present position of the paper is such as to justify the engagements which its conductors have made, as well as others which they have resolved upon carrying out.

The attention which THE ROUND TABLE has received not alone from the home press but from leading critical reviews all over the world, has gained for it a celebrity and a prestige which no other American literary paper has ever acquired; its articles and reviews are quoted to an extent hitherto unparalleled, and are regarded by the educated and refined classes with a consideration hitherto only bestowed by them upon similar publications from abroad.

It is hoped now that THE ROUND TABLE has achieved a position acknowledged to be so far unique in our country, that all who are directly or indirectly interested in literature, in art, or in cognate subjects, will give their personal help, both by subscribing and inducing their friends to subscribe, towards enabling the conductors to accomplish their cherished wishes in the direction of continual improvement.

THE ROUND TABLE is distinctively a National paper. It seeks to foster American literature and to encourage rising talent in the honorable vocation of authorship. It will therefore give preference, when possible, to the discussion of American books, as well as to that of American art and to home subjects generally. In order, however, to present the freshest and most interesting intelligence from London, THE ROUND TABLE has in its correspondence in that city a writer of whom the least that can be said is that the better they are known the more will his letters be admired. Contributors of the highest position in the English literary world will also write regularly for the paper, so as to ensure for it the greatest attainable spirit and variety.

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\*. The price of THE ROUND TABLE is six dollars per year. The Conductors have uniformly declined to lower this price, which, considering the great cost of publication and bearing in mind the paper and typography as well as the character of the contents of the journal, is much cheaper than many others which charge for subscription but half the money. But as we have been very earnestly solicited by clergymen, professors, and others to continue for a time to grant lower terms to associations, especially at distant points, we have determined (for the month of February only) to offer the following

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POPULAR INSTRUCTION AND LITERATURE.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1867.

- I. Oceanic Phenomena.—III. Tinted Waters, Phosphorescence, Red Waters, etc. By J. J. Stevenson.
- II. Office of the Schoolmaster.
- III. An Improvement. By Dr. D. A. Douai.
- IV. Notes on District Schools. By H. T. Hickok.
- V. John Boyd: A Story of School Life. By Wm. W. Tufts.
- VI. Culture.
- VII. Corporal Punishment of Girls.
- VIII. Rambling Talk. By F. A. Horton.
- IX. Ruffer, the Bore: A Dialogue. By Whitte Moore.
- X. Composition of English.
- XI. Hero Worship. By T. S. Doolittle.
- XII. Eminent Foreign Educators Deceased in 1866.
- XIII. Speaking and Reading.
- XIV. School Law naturally existent within the Pupil.
- XV. On the Pronoun *Who*.
- XVI. Gerard on Schools.
- XVII. Model Compositions.
- XVIII. Educational Intelligence: United States, Uruguay, Great Britain, Bavaria, Prussia, Russia, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, Madagascar.
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## SUMMARY OF BUSINESS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 31, 1867:

Net Assets, Feb. 1, 1866. . . . \$14,112,319 85

## RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR:

Premiums. . . . \$5,145,550 18

Interest and rent. . . . 1,071,485 70—\$6,217,035 88

\$20,329,355 73

## DISBURSEMENTS:

Matured Endowments and Claims by

Death, . . . . \$774,966 67

Dividends paid in cash, or used as cash

in payment of Premiums, . . . 607,799 73

Paid for Annuities and Surrendered

Policies, . . . . 166,599 22

Paid for Commissions, . . . 255,491 39

Paid for Purchase of Future Commis-

sions, Exchange, Postage, Adver-

tising, Taxes, and Medical Fees, . . 593,314 94

Paid for Salaries, Printing, Stationery,

Sundry Office and Law Expenses,

Rent, etc., . . . . 295,926 51—\$2,990,086 14

NET CASH ASSETS, . . . . \$17,339,269 57

INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Cash in Bank and Trust Companies, . \$1,547,450 07

Bonds and Mortgages, . . . 10,997,900 00

United States Stocks, . . . 5,000,108 79

Real Estate, . . . . 937,711 95

Due from Agents, . . . . 65,716 57

\$17,609,086 97

ADD:

Accrued Interest, . . . . \$157,469 75

Market Value of Stocks in excess of

Cost, . . . . 801,705 00

Premiums deferred or in course of

transmission, . . . . 1,312,511 69

\$1,672,070 44

GROSS ASSETS, FEB. 1st, 1867, . . \$19,311,357 41

INCREASE IN NET ASSETS FOR THE YEAR, \$3,526,947 14

From the Undivided Surplus (\$2,795,478 69) a dividend has been declared to policy-holders, available on the anniversaries of the dates of issue in the present year.

Policies issued (including those restored) during the year 18,672, ensuring . . . \$54,875,430 00

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